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A Record of the Darker Races

W. E. BURGHARDT DU BOIS, *Editor*

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The June CRISIS will have a cover by Albert Smith, the well-known young painter. It will have articles on the new *Phillis Wheatley Y. W. C. A.* at Indianapolis; a description of present day problems in *Africa* by Mrs. Max Yergan; and the beginning of an important discussion concerning *professionalism* in Negro college *athletics.*

As the Crow Flies

AT the naval parley Admiral *Parity* insists on more battleships while General *Reduction* wants fewer. Italy and France want both, simultaneously. Secretary Stimson is preparing another *statement.*—Thanks to Professor Einstein, Old Man *Gravitation* has been formally introduced to Kid *Electricity.* It is assumed that hereafter they will occupy the same *Field* unless unknown relatives appear.—Mr. *Doheny* gave $100,000 to Mr. *Fall.* One was guilty of friendship and the other of bribery, according to United States justice.—A Yale professor states that *Jesus Christ* was a trouble-maker and a nuisance; hated by many, understood by few, and forgotten by none.—Owen D. Young explains it: "*America* is too rich to be loved." It has six million people out of work, counting their funds.—*Gold Star mothers* will be taken to see their sons' graves in France in six boats: one, for Mayflower descendants; one, for Jews; one, for Negroes; one, for millionaires; one, for paupers; and another, for those who object to going with any of the aforesaid groups.—*John N. Willys,* our Ambassador to Poland, and former President of the Willys-Overland Company. has bought five rare tapestries and an altar frontal for $300,000. Most of the employees of the *Willys-Overland* Company are out of work.—*Greece* has been free from Turkey for one hundred years. The next one hundred years will be devoted to achieving freedom from herself.—The *Haitian* fiasco cost us $25,000,000. The total endowment of all Negro colleges in the United States amounts to $21,000,000.—The Civil War in *China* has begun twelve times in the letters of press correspondents, but is still being delayed in China.—*Pennsylvania* is about to decide as to whether it will be owned by railroads, manufacturers or Philadelphia gangsters.—*Prohibition* can be enforced if we want it enforced, but who knows what we want enforced, either in liquor, law or gospel?—Imagine asking the English *Labor Party* at one and the same time to put down sedition in *India;* hand over Palestine to the Jews; give work to several million idle *Englishmen,* and slap *Russia* in the face.—It is not anticipated that the new trans-Neptunian *planet* just discovered will greatly influence the price of eggs.—The widow of *Wagner* and daughter of Lizst is dead and Wahnfried weeps.—A little group of men in Washington are now deciding in closed conference what taxes prosperous American manufacturers can make Wages pay into their Dividends during the next decade. *Tariff,* they it call.—The way to abolish *Crime* is to worry criminals into nervous prostration so that they cannot enjoy their airplanes and Florida villas. Ask *Al Capone.*—They've shuffled the *Cabinet* cards and called for a new deal in France, Germany and Ireland. They use the same pack, which is a mistake.—Egypt and England are negotiating a treaty designed to make *Egypt* independent and England her dominant overlord. There are a few difficulties.—And *Gandhi* marches to the Sea!

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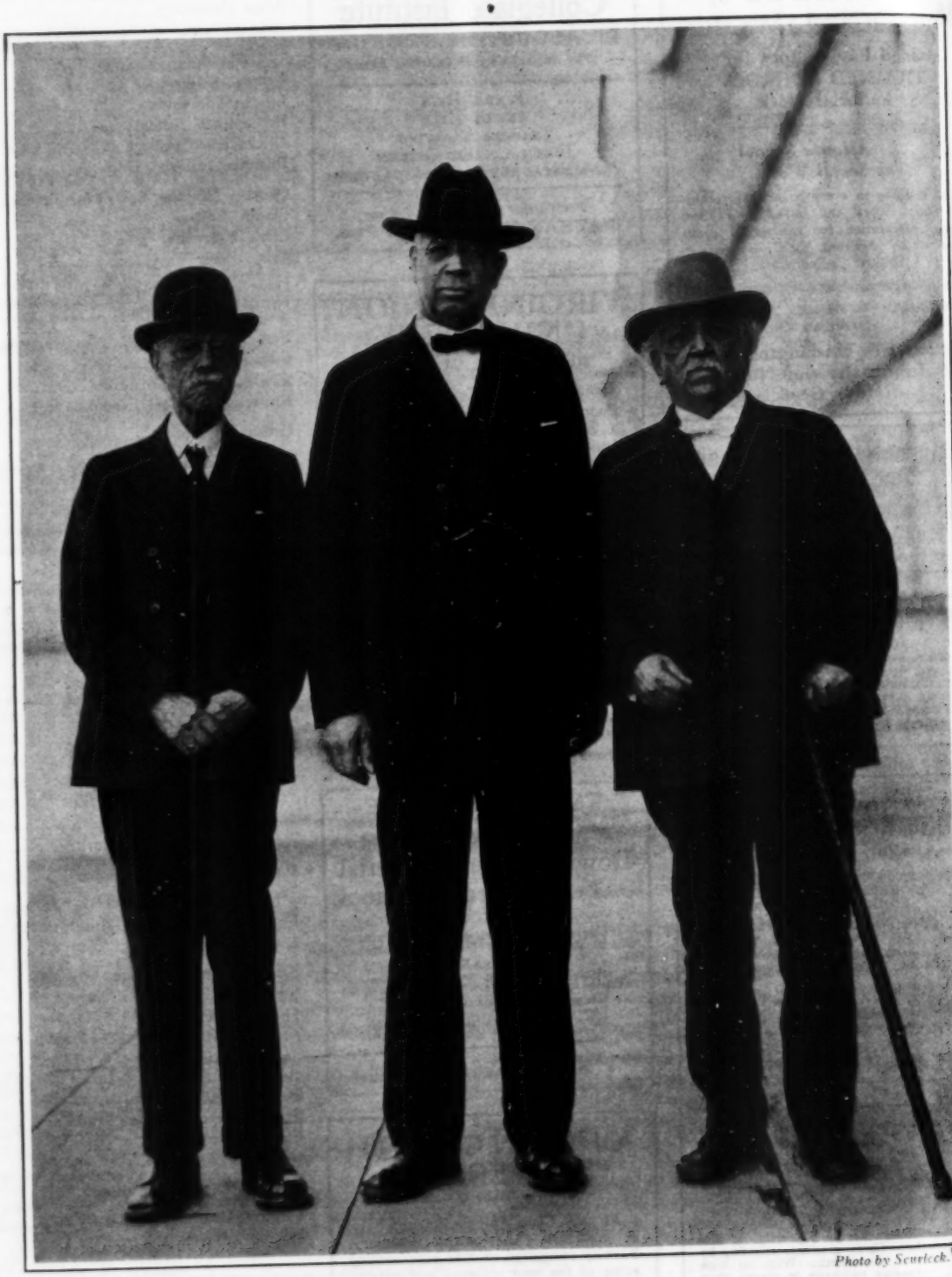

Photo by Scurlock.

Three Negro Congressmen

John R. Lynch, Oscar DePriest, Thomas E. Miller

Concerning Father

A Story

By CHARLES W .CHESNUTT

Mr. Charles W. Chesnutt, dean of American novelists of Negro descent, has kindly broken his long silence for THE CRISIS *and sent us this fascinating short story with its characteristic touch of color.*

FATHER is a peculiar man. To be peculiar is not unusual, but father's peculiarity is, perhaps I should say was, so very unusual that we all hope it will not break out again, because, while it was interesting and no harm came of it, it was rather wearing upon the family while it lasted, and it is easy to imagine a different and a tragic outcome. Suppose, for instance, father hadn't waked up at all?

The particular incident I refer to transpired more than ten years ago, just before and reaching over the end of the Great War.

It was an evening about ten days before the armistice was signed, while the Meuse-Argonne drive was at its height. We were all in the living room after supper—father, mother, my elder sister Imogen, who is a high school teacher; her *fiancé*, Percival Biggs; my younger sister, Helen, who was taking a business course in Commercial High School, and my young brother Billy. Father was seated in a cushioned armchair by the table, on which stood the electric reading lamp. He had been reading aloud, from the *Boston Evening Transcript*, which is delivered in our town in the late afternoon, the latest news of the progress of the fighting, and the predictions of experts as to the probable duration of hostilities. Percival, who was a stenographer in a law office, and was studying law in a night law college, and who was regarded by father as a very intelligent young man, had made several comments. Imogene, who had been doing war relief work on several committees, had contributed to the discussion. Mother had expressed what turned out to be the vain hope that the end of the war might soon bring prices down, when father again took the floor. Father loves to talk, in which respect he is not at all peculiar.

"For my part," he said, "the way Foch and Pershing have got them sewed up, the Huns can't advance much farther. Their supplies are so nearly exhausted that they couldn't do much fighting if they did, and their morale and their transportation system are so shot to pieces that they can't retreat rapidly, and, if they could, we'd follow 'em to Berlin, and then where'd they be?"

He straightened himself up and leaned forward with both hands grasping the arms of the chair.

"In my opinion," he announced, "this war will come to an end on the"—

He stopped abruptly, and continued silent, while we waited for him to finish his sentence. Finally, after several moments, Percival spoke up.

"You were saying, sir?"

There was no response. We waited, breathlessly at first, then with a vague feeling of uneasiness, but still there was no answering sound. We saw that father's eyes were closed, and the natural assumption was that he had fallen asleep. But somehow this assumption was not convincing. His posture was not consistent with slumber. Had he fallen asleep he would have slumped back into the comfortable depths of the chair.

"For heaven's sake!" exclaimed mother, "it isn't at all like your pa to go to sleep that way, all of a sudden. Sam," she said, coming closer to him, "wake up, and go on upstairs if you're sleepy. We'll excuse you."

She reached over, took him by the shoulder, and tried to shake him.

"Well, I declare," she exclaimed, "he's as stiff as a board. I can't move him alone. Maybe Percival 'll help me get him upstairs."

Percival came over and took him by one arm and mother by the other, but they were not able to budge him.

"Maybe he's dead," said Billy tremulously. "Teddy Wickham's grandpa had a stroke last week and dropped dead out in the garden while he was pulling carrots."

"No," said I,—I had attended some Red Cross first aid classes, and had read more or less about death and its attendant incidents,—"if he were dead, rigor mortis wouldn't set in for several hours, and, as mother says, he is stiff already."

"Hadn't we better call a doctor?" suggested Percival.

Mother had seated herself a short distance away, and was apparently deep in thought.

"No, children," she said, after a moment, "we won't call a doctor, and we needn't be alarmed. Your pa slept a whole day and two nights once before, when Emma Jane was a baby. I couldn't wake him up, and we sent for the doctor, and he said it was all right, at least for a day or two. And on the morning of the second day your pa woke up just as usual and went on about his business. And when I told him how scared I'd been, he told me never to bother about anything he did, that he had a peculiar streak in him that might crop out now and then, but it always came out right in the end, and that I wasn't to say anything about it, because he was a business man, and any reputation for being peculiar would hurt his business. So we'll just leave him where he is—I'll throw a blanket over him—and maybe he'll wake up in the morning, and if he doesn't within a day or two, we'll consider the matter further. So I guess we'd better calm ourselves and go to bed and get our night's rest. Don't say a word about this outside of the house, because I know that's what your pa would wish."

So we separated for the evening. Imogene, who was to be married as soon as Percival was admitted to the bar and began to practice, went out into the hall with him to bid him good night. Mother brought a double blanket and tucked it around father, turned out the lights, and we all went upstairs to bed.

Only mother and Billy slept well, and Imogene and I were the first ones up next morning. We woke mother and Billy, and then went somewhat fearfully downstairs to light the kitchen stove and get the breakfast started. We had given up our maid because of the war, and were doing our own housework, except the laundry work. On the way to the kitchen we peeped into the living room. Father was just as we had left him the night before. He had not moved a line, so far as we could perceive, and the blanket was still tucked around him as mother had arranged it.

We had the breakfast started when mother came down, and then, before sitting down at the table, we all went into the living room.

I took my courage in my hands and applied some of the theoretical knowledge I had acquired in my Red Cross course. I sent Billy upstairs to my bedroom for a hand mirror and held it

before father's lips. There was a faint moisture upon the surface of the glass, very faint, but enough to prove that he was still breathing, however lightly. I felt his pulse. It was very feeble, almost imperceptible, but enough to show that his heart was still beating. His flesh wasn't exactly warm, but it wasn't cold. I had a clinical thermometer, which I managed to get into his mouth through the vacant space from which a loose tooth had been recently extracted, which he had meant to get replaced with a false one when he got around to it. His temperature was away below normal, but he still had a temperature.

When I had announced these reassuring conclusions, mother said:

"Well, now, children, your father's alive, and he'll come out of this trance, or whatever it is, when he gets good and ready, and we needn't worry about it, as long as he doesn't change from what he is now. In the meantime, keep your mouths shut. I know it'll be easy for you girls, but I'm not so sure about Willie. If anybody asks about your pa, tell 'em he went away on a business trip. So he did, a week ago, but you needn't tell 'em he came back today. Now, Willie, if you breathe a word about your pa's being home or about his condition, you'll have to deal with me, and with him later. But if you keep perfectly quiet, when your pa comes around I'll see that you get that new bicycle you've been pestering him about."

So we went in to breakfast. Percival called before we had scattered to our various daily pursuits, and we told him that father's condition remained the same, and that he was to say nothing about it, but to come around that evening as usual.

Percival came after supper. He had gone to the Public Library after leaving the office, and had been reading up on cataleptic trances, suspended consciousness and other abnormal physical conditions. He expected, he said, that his cousin, a distinguished nerve specialist who had been in France for a year in the army service, would return to his home in Boston on leave within a week, and whether father had recovered or not by that time, that he would write him a letter, stating a hypothetical case corresponding to father's, and ask him for an opinion.

A week or more passed without any apparent change in father's condition. Of course so well known a man as he couldn't disappear without evoking some curiosity among his friends and business associates, but we managed to stave off any discovery or suspicion. We received callers in the library and kept the door between it and the living room locked. We arranged a screen to prevent any one from looking in the living room windows from the outside and seeing father, and put the shades down at night. We indeed got so accustomed to the situation that we resumed our evening gatherings in the living room, and even got accustomed to father's silence, which we had never had an opportunity to do before, because father had rarely been silent when there was anything being said. I sometimes wondered, somewhat unfilially, I suspect, if nature were not taking this means of evening up things by giving him a long rest from speech. It might have seemed to an outsider a little uncanny, but we became accustomed to the situation, and mother, who was of course the person most concerned, did not seem to worry.

"We'll wait a while yet," she would say, "and give him a chance. He's no worse than he was, and he'll come around all right. He told me not to worry if he did anything out of the common, and I'm not worrying. It won't last much longer, because he's got to be at the office on the fifteenth to attend the annual meeting. The office called up today and asked where he was. I said he'd been called away on private business— as he certainly was—so that was no lie. They asked would I give them his address so that they could telephone or write him. I said no, he didn't want anybody to know where he was, but I said he'd be back in time for the meeting, and if they wanted to write they could address the letter to the house and I'd forward it."

Two weeks had passed without any apparent change in father's condition, and we were all becoming a little nervous and apprehensive. Even mother's Olympian calm was beginning to crack, and she had about decided to call the doctor, when our troubles came to an end without any intervention on our part.

On the thirteenth day of November, 1918, we were all gathered in the living room—mother, Percival, Imogene, Helen, Billy and I, the same company that were present when father became unconscious. Father, still rigid and immovable, was leaning forward in his chair as usual. For two days the town had been a constant din of loud and strident noises. Cannon had been shot off, church bells rung, factory whistles sounded. On the night before, the signing of the armistice had been celebrated by a procession which had passed by our house with a clamor sufficient to have awakened the dead, so to speak, but none of these noises had disturbed father. Percival, who had developed quite a flow of speech during father's silence and had taken the lead in our evening discussions, was reading the details of the armistice from the *Transcript,* when a slight noise sounded from father's direction, as though he were clearing his throat. Suddenly he spoke, in a somewhat dry and husky voice:

—"On the eleventh day of November, at eleven o'clock in the morning!"

We were all too surprised to scream, and sat in a dead silence. Father stretched himself a moment and then went on.

"Good gracious, Susie"—which was the familiar form of my mother's given name, "I feel mighty stiff in the joints. I guess I'll go to bed. I never was so sleepy in my life."

He tried to rise, but mother and Percival caught him as he tottered.

"I guess it's a touch of rheumatism," he said. "You let Lizzie take your place, ma, and help me upstairs, while you make me a good stiff toddy and bring it up."

I am named Elizabeth, after the Virgin Queen, as was one of my grandmothers before me, but I have never been able to train father and mother to use anything but the vulgar old diminutive in addressing me, which was sufficiently annoying before it was adapted as the pseudonym of a cheap tin motor car, after which it became utterly unspeakable. The persistence of elderly people in clinging to old and reprehensible habits of speech and social conduct is one of the trials of the younger generation from which there seems no way of escape.

We got father to bed, and asked Percival to come to breakfast the next morning at seven-thirty. It was a holiday and Imogene and the younger children would not have to go to school, nor Percival to the office, so we would have plenty of time to talk things over. Then we all went to bed, and slept, I imagine, not much more than we did the first night we had left father sitting alone in the parlor.

It had been agreed between us the night before to say nothing to father about his strange experience until we met at the breakfast table. In the surprise and confusion of the evening before we had not quite grasped the significance of what father had said, or drawn any implications from it, at least I had not; but in the still watches of the night it was borne in upon me that, connecting up the two ends of his broken sentence, and eliminating the period of lapsed consciousness which had intervened, he had predicted two weeks in advance the exact date and hour when the armistice was signed and the fighting ceased. However, I did not try to solve the riddle, but tried to go to sleep, which I eventually succeeded in doing.

We were all seated at table when

father came down. He greeted us cheerfully, and we responded in kind. He then, after his usual custom, picked up the morning paper.

"Well, by Godfrey!" he exclaimed, "that's a funny mistake for the *Bugle* to make. This paper is dated November fourteenth, when it should be October thirty-first. And what's all this", he went on, as he ran his eye along the headlines. " 'Germans retiring beyond the Rhine. More details of terms of armistice. People of allied nations wild with joy at end of war.' What in the world does this mean? All these things couldn't have happened over night!"

Then mother explained, with occasional assistance from others of us, that they were the events of a fortnight, during which he had been unconscious.

"We didn't call the doctor," said mother, "because you'll remember you told me, once before, not to worry if anything peculiar happened to you. And nobody outside of the family, except Percival, knows anything at all about it."

"We haven't been able," said Percival, "in the absence of expert opinion, to determine just what your condition was, or what was the cause of it; but we thought, in view of what you had said to Mrs. Beckett, that you might be able to enlighten us."

"Well," replied father slowly, as he ate his cereal—father could do almost anything and talk at the same time, he even talked in his normal sleep—"maybe what I'm going to tell you will explain it and maybe it won't; you can take it for what it's worth. It begins with a bit of family history about the middle of the eighteenth century. I've never told any of you about it, not even you, ma, for reasons which will be apparent as I go along.

"My ancestors, the Becketts, whose name we have inherited in the direct male line, were seafaring people. This town was the principal seaport for the Chinese and Indian trade. My great-great-grandfather, Jonadab Beckett, was not a vessel owner, but was captain of a ship that traded in the eastern waters, in silks and tea and ivory, exchanging for them American trade goods which suited the Eastern market. On his return from one of his voyages he brought home with him an Indian wife.

"Gee!" exclaimed Billy, "like Pocahontas."

"Be quiet, Willie," said mother, "and don't interrupt your pa."

"No, Billy," continued father, "Pocahontas was an American Indian, and my great-great-grandmother was an East Indian, a Hindoo, I guess you'd call her."

"Of what caste was she?" asked Imogene.

"I don't know," said father. "I don't even know what her Indian name was. They had been married on board another ship in Calcutta harbor, by the captain, according to maritime law, but when great-great-grandfather Jonadab brought her home, he was persuaded, in order to keep peace in the family, to have her baptized with a Christian name, and the minister of their church remarried them so as to cure any possible informality of the maritime rite. I gather that while they didn't exactly like the marriage, they wanted to make sure, for the sake of possible children as well as on moral grounds, that it was an iron-bound, copper-riveted marriage. So they took no chances. You'll find her name in the old Beckett family Bible, at your Uncle Joe's, in Plymouth; I think it was 'Grace Abounding'—I don't remember her Indian name, although I have heard it.

"I doubt if she ever knew the meaning of her Christian name, and her new religion, I imagine, was never more than skin deep. My grandfather, Abel Beckett, who told me these things when he was a very old man, said that at home, in the privacy of her own house, she would sometimes dress in a silk or satin gown which her husband had brought with her from India, put on a necklace of gold coins or green beads—

"Rupees and jade!" murmured Imogene.

"With silver bracelets," father went on, "and sit motionless for hours staring into space or gazing at some little bronze or ivory image."

"She was homesick," interjected mother, "like I was when your father brought me here from Portsmouth."

"She was undoubtedly," suggested Percival, "a high-caste woman, a Brahmin, and of a fair complexion."

"Yes," said Imogene dreamily, "I can see her now, reclining in a cushioned, silk-curtained palanquin, borne by two stalwart coolies, going to shop in the bazaars or to make a visit upon the women of the zenana of some friendly family. She had a complexion of creamy old ivory, with a rosebud mouth and teeth like pearls."

"But pa says he don't know," interposed Billy, "and she may have been a black, low-caste dancing girl, like the one in my geography, with bracelets on her ankles and a ring in her nose."

"Now you shut right up, Willie Beckett," said mother, severely, "and stop slandering your great-great-great-grandmother!"

"I never heard what she was," said father, "or how he came to know her. I don't know whether he bought her, or kidnapped her, or whether she came with him willingly. But he must have loved her, or he wouldn't have brought her home, and she must have been respectable or he wouldn't have married her."

"At any rate, New England didn't agree with her. I understand she never learned much of the English language. She stood the climate and the Yankee ways about three years, and then died, one cold, raw spring, of pneumonia, leaving one child, my great-grandfather, and was given Christian burial. As I say, she couldn't have been very dark, because none of my ancestors or relations ever showed any color, except her son, my great-grandfather, who had a slightly yellowish cast and very black hair and eyes. But he married a red-headed Garford, and all his descendants, so far as I know, have been fair-complexioned with light hair. I've never said anything about my East Indian ancestry, because, while I have no prejudice against color myself, and consider one man as good as another, other things being equal, yet I know how most people feel about such matters, and it's just as well not raise the question.

"I never did take a great deal of stock in this heredity," he went on. "I believe God makes each man by himself. But if there is such a thing as a hereditary throwback, it may be that I inherited from my great-great-grandmother some obscure faculty or tendency which has made me go off into a trance once or twice in my life."

At this point Billy butted into the conversation again. It was the only way he could get in.

"I wonder," he said, "if I inherited enough of her blood to learn to be a snake charmer, or a conjurer, and make a tree grow from a seed while you look at it?"

"Didn't I tell you to shut up, Willie?" said mother. "Don't let me have to tell you again. You've got entirely too much to say. You'll need all your time the next four or five years to learn your lessons in school."

"But," interposed Percival, "even that doesn't quite explain how you were able to predict to the hour the signing of the armistice, unless your ancestress's power to go into a trance was accompanied by the gift of prophecy."

"Well, now," said father, "it was hardly a prediction, was it? It was spoken after the event."

"But without any consciousness on your part," I suggested.

"Perhaps," resumed Percival, "while you were sitting quietly in the living

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Moorfield Storey As a Man

By BLISS PERRY

The Boston Branch of the N. A. A. C. P. recently held a memorial service in memory of Moorfield Storey. Addresses were delivered by Butler R. Wilson, who presided; the Hon. James M. Morton, Jr., Judge of the U. S. Circuit Court; Manuel Briones and Marcial P. Lichauco, Filipinos; and Professor Bliss Perry of Harvard, formerly Editor of the Atlantic Monthly. Bishop Lawrence delivered the invocation. We take pleasure in printing Professor Perry's striking address.

THERE is a charming and characteristic picture of the youthful Moorfield Storey in the *Journal* of Ralph Waldo Emerson. In July, 1866, Emerson and Ellery Channing, together with four young ladies and three boys just graduating from Harvard—Edward Emerson, Tom Ward and Moorfield Storey—went camping on Monadnock. They struck bad weather, with rain and a north wind; and the second evening was so cold that the boys, who had given most of their blankets to the ladies and to the elderly gentlemen, spent the night in keeping up the camp-fire, while Storey, so lately an ornament of the Harvard Glee Club, sang, with Edward Emerson for chorus, a multitude of songs to the great delectation of the company. That boy who worked and sang in the dark and cold, so long ago—singing not to keep up his courage but simply because he had courage and gayety enough for the whole company—was the same Moorfield Storey whom many of us knew until the end; a slender upright figure, the handsome face clear-cut in the firelight, playful, laborious, serene, invincible.

He came of sound Boston and Newburyport stock. He had ancestors who for five successive generations died at sea. But the passion for sea-faring had faded out of the Storey blood. Moorfield's father was an easy-going Boston lawyer, fond of books and of general conversation. The son, who was born in 1845, went from the Boston Latin School to Harvard College in July, 1862, at one of the darkest hours of the Civil War. In 1896, just thirty years after his graduation, he made an address in Cambridge about the boys of his own college generation. After discussing the simplicity of their life, their wholesome poverty, their close friendships, he turned to a point of prime significance for one who seeks to understand Mr. Storey's own character. The early sixties, he said, were a supreme moment in our country's history. "A great movement for intellectual, religious and political freedom was just culminating. . . . Lincoln, Sumner, Seward and Chase in the political arena, Garrison and Phillips on the platform and in the press, Lowell, Whittier and Harriet Beecher Stowe from their studies, had stirred the consciences of men." "It is hard", Mr. Storey went on, "to make you young men of today realize what those years meant to us. . . . Our whole lives before and while we were in college put us in tune with the great movements that were going on about us. All that to you is history, to be learned in your studies, was to us our daily life. It was our privilege to hear Phillips and Sumner when what they uttered was hot with the feeling of the day. They used a language which was understood without consulting books. Lincoln's immortal speech at Gettysburg, his matchless second inaugural address, were spoken to us. For us were written the stirring poems of Whittier. We were an instrument ready for the musician and the musicians were here."

Such was the young man who heard the news of Lincoln's assassination on his way from chapel, "20 feet from the old Massachusetts pump;" who stood before Holworthy on the morning of Lee's surrender, when Harvard College declared a holiday; who sat under the great tent in the Yard and heard Lowell's Commemoration Ode. He never got over it. "We knew", he said, "under which banner to enlist. . . . To us the world's questions seemed simple."

Genius has often been defined as a prolongation of adolescence. Certainly a portion of Moorfield Storey's genius lay in the prolongation throughout his life of this adolescent instinct for the difference between right and wrong. What Rufus Choate once called the "great mixed cases" of the world often seemed to Mr. Storey not mixed cases in the least, but a simple issue of right versus wrong.

He was confirmed in this early habit of mind by his intimate association with Charles Sumner. Exactly how Sumner's attention was first attracted to young Storey, no one seems to know. But Storey had led his class in his Senior year, had been chosen class orator, and at the end of what he always declared to be an indolent year at the then unreformed Harvard Law School, the famous Senator from Massachusetts asked him to come to Washington as his private secretary.

I am aware that Charles Sumner's fame has become somewhat dimmed, even in this his native city. That figure of a great-hearted gentleman, lover of books and pictures and all noble things, as he appears in the diary of Longfellow and the *Journal* of Emerson, is fading out of public memory. In Claude Bowers's *Tragic Era*, just now so widely read, Sumner is simply one of a sombre and acrid group of partisan conspirators, endeavoring to defeat that wiser policy of Reconstruction initiated by Lincoln and continued by Johnson. Their own policy, intentionally harsh toward former slaveowners, and recklessly radical in conferring the ballot immediately upon former slaves, was for a time triumphant and then went down in ruin. Such in brief is the tale as told by Mr. Bowers. But Moorfield Storey, whose first year in Washington was the year of Johnson's impeachment, and who lived in the closest intimacy with Sumner and his associates, always insisted that there was much to be said on the other side. In his *Life of Sumner*—which Mr. John T. Morse, who ought to know, has recently declared to be one of the best volumes of the "American Statesmen" series—Mr. Storey remarks: "It is easy to point out the evils which Negro suffrage caused, but far greater evils would probably have occurred had Negro suffrage been refused." Whether his judgment was biased by his attachment to his old chief I am not wise enough to pronounce, but all of Mr. Storey's friends will bear me out in saying that his loyalty to Charles Sumner's memory was one of the most winning traits of his character. I could never get him to admit, in private conversation, that Sumner was even arrogant. When James Ford Rhodes, a dear friend of Storey, wrote that Sumner was vain, conceited, overbearing and wore a constant air of superiority, Mr. Storey made this admirable rejoinder: "I lived in his house for two years. I sat in his library and saw him receive men of every rank, race and color. I was myself young, and at the time sensitive to any affectation of

superiority, and I was struck with the gracious courtesy with which Mr. Sumner uniformly received his numerous visitors. He was no respecter of persons, but his manners were natural and kind."

And yet, to appreciate adequately the vital influence of Sumner upon his young disciple, we must go beyond the mere affectionate loyalty of a secretary to his chief. We must realize that at this turning point of young Storey's career, he accepted absolutely and forever Sumner's doctrine that the main issue in all political and social questions is the issue right or wrong. Sumner taught him to repeat the Roman maxim: "Where Liberty is, there is my party." I think that Storey had naturally a Roman mind rather than a subtilizing Greek mind. He had a clear practical intelligence, an ethical rather than a religious or mystical temperament. He had an instinct for cardinal points of action, and he made his way straight to them, like a Roman road. And he learned from the precepts and example of Charles Sumner that the one inevitable objective, for a high-minded American, was to aid his fellow citizens in securing and maintaining their rights.

It is not my function to relate with any detail the story of our friend's career; but rather to suggest a few of those personal qualities that endeared him to other men and gave him a peculiar place in public life. You will remember that those two crucial years in Washington were also years of social gayety. It was there that he met the beautiful and high-spirited woman who became his wife in 1870. Mr. Morse says that they "waltzed into each other's affections." Storey now resigned his secretaryship, came back to Boston, was admitted to the bar, and began his long and fortunate professional career. He had precisely one thousand dollars, and his wife about as much more; but that was, after all, enough "to fetch the pump", and thereafter the flow of prosperity was continuous. Mr. Storey always seemed to work easily and tirelessly. Even in middle and later life he could put in sixteen hours a day for months at a stretch, without apparently feeling it. His good looks, his wit, his courtesy, made him a social favorite.

Yet all this might be said of many another Bostonian of his era. The qualities that gradually made Moorfield Storey a marked man, and ultimately gave him a unique position in the commonwealth, began to emerge in his independence of party lines in politics. Without a trace of political ambition for himself, he was already, in the eighteen-seventies, an organizer of an independent movement in Massachusetts. During the bitter Blaine-Cleveland campaign in 1884, he became, as everyone knows, a Mugwump. It cost him many personal friendships. He used to chuckle in his old age over Senator Hoar's description of those Republicans who, like Mr. Storey, supported Cleveland as "the vilest set of political assassins that ever disgraced this or any other country." He liked the Senator, nevertheless, as we all did. Fifteen years later, in the Anti-Imperialist campaign against the conquest of the Philippine Islands, Senator Hoar and Moorfield Storey stood side by side. Both men were now denounced as "political assassins". I need not call the complete roll of the causes with which Moorfield Storey courageously identified himself. The spirit with which he fought was much the same, whether he was President of the Civil Service Reform League, of the Anti-Imperialist League, of the Indian Rights Association, or President for twenty years of that organization in which many of you will think that he rendered the finest service of all, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

All of these causes were unpopular, in the sense that they did not command, or have not yet succeeded in commanding, the general interest and support of the American people. Confident as Mr. Storey might be of the ultimate triumph of the principle at stake, he was usually in the minority at any given time. You were never surprised to see his name signed to a minority report, and sometimes his was the only signature.

There was a phrase used long ago by Fanny Burney, in describing an English statesman. He was, she wrote, "a professed minority man." We New Englanders recognize the type. It is useful in any community. Intelligence is always in the minority. Dean Inge likes to remind us that among the great religions of the world, Christianity has always been a minority religion. His Majesty's Opposition has often done as much for true progress as His Majesty's Government. A motor car needs a brake as well as an accelerator. Nevertheless the professed minority men have certain temptations to which reformers seem peculiarly susceptible. They are apt to become despondent. Like the prophet of old, they lie down under a juniper tree and inform the Lord that they, and they only, are left. They are apt to be cranky. Their courage often looks like mere balky obstinacy. The man who habitually "views with alarm" is almost as obnoxious as the man who habitually "points with pride".

Now from such typical temptations of the minority man Moorfield Storey was singularly free. He never lost heart. He faced every adverse popular verdict with a smile. "It is not success to be on the winning side," he declared. "It is success to fight bravely for a principle even if one does not live to see it triumph." He was absolutely fearless. He crossed swords, when he thought that the occasion called for it, with Mr. Root and Mr. Taft, Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Wilson. His spear knew no brother, when he believed that his cause was just. He spoke with equal disrespect, at times, of the Republican party and the Democratic party; and I suspect, as Sidney Smith said of Jeffrey, that he would have spoken disrespectfully of the equator, if he thought that the equator was wobbling from its true line. Even those of his fellow-citizens who could not agree with him found Moorfield Storey's independence refreshing. It was like a Boston east wind on an August day.

The secret of his character, as I read it, was his love of justice. His Roman mind, his legal training, his sympathy for the oppressed, were all combined to give him power as an advocate. Now you cannot love justice without hating injustice. I once heard a man say that he burned the caterpillars out of his apple-tree not because he hated the caterpillars but because he loved the tree. If Mr. Storey's language ever seemed harsh or pitiless, it was because he was scorching a few caterpillars of the commonwealth in order to secure equal rights and opportunities for all men.

It would be absurd to claim that upon all the hundreds of topics which his friends have heard him discuss, Mr. Storey's opinions were invariably correct. He would have been a dull companion if they were. His old friend Henry Higginson used to say that down on State Street if you guessed right three times out of five you were considered a success; if you guessed right only two times out of five you were a failure. I am not mathematician enough to calculate Mr. Storey's precise average, but I should call it distinctly better than three times out of five. Yet I have often heard him talk to a dozen intimate friends for a whole hour with learning, eloquence and superb dialectic skill, without convincing anybody. And the paradox is that we liked him none the less, and perhaps all the better, when he made no converts. There are always winners enough, but here was a good loser.

What fascinated us in his old age was that same gayety of heart which he had shown as a boy when he fed the

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PENN COLLEGE LIBRARY
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Pushkin

By A. V. LUNACHARSKY

Formerly People's Commissar for Education in the Russian Socialist Federal Soviet Republic

This article is translated from the Russian by the Paris Monde, edited by Henri Barbusse, and then into English by Elizabeth Prophet. The introductory note in the Monde follows:

"Alexandre Pushkin, born in Moscow in 1799, killed in a duel at the age of thirty-seven years, is Russia's greatest poet. Man and poet, he is one of those literary figures that a tragic destiny has profoundly marked.

"One should look at this strange visage, with traits recalling the Negro origin of the poet through his father; in the eyes, in the carriage of the head, one can discern the enthusiasm, the suffering, the fire of a proud soul, the spirit of revolt broken. Pushkin was such a one, living in an epoch of darkness and blood.

"Under the title of 'Poems Revolutionaires', V. Parnac has translated in 'Les Revues', a certain number of his poems of revolt and of despair which are of great interest. This is a collection which permits one to understand the soul of a great poet, tormented by life and by himself.

"The Russia of today loves and reads Pushkin. One notes, however, a turning of the Soviet youth towards the author of 'Eugene Onieguine'. The editors of a great Russian review, Krasnaia Niva, are preparing for 1930 the publication of the complete works of Pushkin, accompanied by commentaries and notes tending to a Marxist understanding of the great classic. A. V. Lunacharsky, in the preface, which we translate here explains the tragic greatness of the life and work of Pushkin, his rôle, his usefulness in revolutionary Russia. It has seemed to us interesting to present to our readers this word of a Marxist critic of today, on the great poet of the past. It unites the Marxist precision with the delicate understanding of the charm and of the beauty of the work. As Lunacharsky says: 'The critic ought not simply to press and classify his roses: he should also to inhale the perfume.'"

ONE of our greatest writers; he was during his life, and he remains the same in our epoch. The fashion of appreciating him has varied, it is true, in the course of years, but we are beginning to study him now from a critical point of view. One recognizes readily that from a purely esthetic point of view, he is an incomparable artist whom none have surpassed. A re-valuation does not apply then to the incontestable rank that the poet occupies, but it will be effective from the angle of a general revision of Art itself and of the place and destination of Art in society.

A beauty of form unsurpassed, variety and depth assures his work a brilliant perpetuity. His work never fails to pierce by its light the thick clouds which often menace it.

It is not unusual to hear said: "Pushkin certainly is a great master of style; but as a thinker, in his conception of the world, he is far inferior to the great poets of other peoples: Shakespeare, Byron, Schiller, Goethe." Without doubt the myth of Pushkin as merely amusing himself and entertaining others by the "sweet chords of his lyre", has little by little defamed his reputation. But it is incontestable that in Pushkin we possess a poet of extraordinary depth of thought and of feeling and one who in his domain does not fall below the greatest.

The epoch in which we live is the great epoch in which one revises the values of the past. We enter into a period absolutely new, not only for the life of our country, but for all humanity. We are firmly convinced that it is necessary to build upon the conquests of the preceding generation, even though, from the class point of view, that generation is strange to us. We have no sympathy with detachment from everything that is old, and the glorification of futurism before everything is in serious opposition to Communist thought; but, on the other hand, we do not wish to kneel down before ancient values. We believe in a future more brilliant; we are sure to approach a higher culture which will surpass all the summits that the ancient culture has given to the peoples.

To arrive at this, let us abandon all reverence toward recognized authority. Let us revise, from a critical point of view, the treasure-house of human values, particularly our own judgments, and above all let us seize from this treasure that which is necessary for our forward march! It is thus, then, that our time understands Pushkin.

Lenin, make note of this, loved Pushkin with a tenderness almost exalted. He eliminated evidently all that which is foreign to us in the poet and due to his epoch and his class; but

he admired the beauty of Pushkin's language; his music; his imagination; his palpitating sensitiveness and that tense thought which makes the richness of his work.

Our Marxist literary critic is still young, especially in that which concerns Pushkin; at the same time one can affirm that our epoch has already learned to project some light on the figure of the poet in his life and in his work.

One can no longer now speak of a pretended "Hellenism" of Pushkin, of his "sunny serenity", of his "felicity", of his "happy nature", etc. This was the thesis established by bourgeois thought and by education under the fist of the Czar, which was interested in making Pushkin the scholarly poet for children and young people, the finished master of language and official Russian "Ornament" to put in the crown of governing Russia.

One knows, however, that the Greeks themselves realized the tragedy of life, felt its weight, and recognized the terror of Fate. We discern then in Pushkin traits, sombre and even morbid, which let us understand his poignant cry: "Ah! Not to go mad!"

Serenity? From his youth, Pushkin kept it, despite his troubled life, darkened by the trials he was put to and by political persecution. Towards the end of his life he was literally hunted: a weight of debt on his neck; on his body, annoyances without number, literary, social, political; the dissatis-

faction with himself and his work; the iron hand of absolutism "caressing the poet", but cutting to the blood his dignity and his creative impulse. Pushkin fought against the innumerable "scandals" with which his enemies intentionally sowed his path; in his powerless fury, he hurled himself against the pack of hounds that tortured him; and finally he was physically destroyed by them.

Official literary history likes to oppose the "luminous Pushkin" to the "somber Lermontov". Nothing is more false than this antithesis. Let us study more intimately the two poets: one will see with surprise the closeness of their natures, without speaking of the likeness of their destinies. Their analogous social situation is clear: Pushkin, himself belonged to that middle-class nobility that regarded with anger and envy the arrogant and empty aristocracy of the great proprietors and high functionaries. Early this class so surrounded him that he could not help but look at it "sadly."

Early Pushkin spoke of "The evil of the century", which tormented him and which Lermontov also would later strive to escape. Thus this serenity existed surely in Pushkin as in every rich nature which aspires to happiness; but it was nothing more than an attempt at consolation, at wide evasion of the sorrowful experiences to which he was subjected.

The desire to avoid conflict with the government of Nicholas I., the desire to justify himself in some slight way in the face of stories of his conciliation with this nightmare régime; the desire to lose himself in abstract and peaceful imagination,—such desires lived always in the soul of the poet; they brought him calm at times, but in the long run, like a heavy burden, they broke the soul of Pushkin and this manifests itself in every one of his works, often to the extent of disfiguring them. One understands then today that his life work called "Quiet Harmony", is shot through with tragedy; as was true of Lermontov, of Gogol, (whom they wished, also, to make a stalking-horse), of Dostoievsky and of others.

One can only grasp the writer Pushkin by regarding him as a social phenomenon, by studying him according to the Marxist method. Marxism alone can discover the true meaning of the destinies of countries by studying the evolution and the decline of certain classes. Know the economic and social evolution of the classes in our country, see its reflection in literature, this is truthfully to understand Pushkin, appreciate the place which he occupies, and penetrate his work, each of his verses, each of his phrases.

One ought to understand the contradictions of class which showed themselves in the epoch of the poet; grasp the forces of the time and the position of Pushkin who always had a keen sense of the world in which he lived. He was the representative of one section of the nobility and of the movement that led this section to unite itself little by little with the bourgeois. One can understand him best then by understanding the social significance of his works, and by getting the satisfaction of discovering a knowledge of that social sense in his work.

Pushkin, once his work is estimated from a critical point of view, can and should become our contemporary, our collaborator. Thus, we lift from him the negative aspect which he might be given; thus, we permit him no longer to be disfigured; thus we resurrect him for a fertile life among us!

THE OUTER POCKET

THE April edition of THE CRISIS states that Muriel Draper wrote "Born To Be". I am sorry that the reviewer is not . . . sophisticated enough to understand more about life and its facts as they are from the inside out. Perhaps then he can understand the interpreter of "Stand Still Jordan" better and know why I spoke of Nathaniel Dett's work as I did in my book. Then he would not be so inclined to put a lot of blame on people who have nothing to do with the thoughts. Mr. Van Vechten and Mrs. Draper are far more sympathetic toward the dark people of America than they are toward themselves. . . Please correct the statement it was written by a white woman, Muriel Draper. Mrs. Draper simply edited the book and I learn that many great writer's books are edited by someone else.

Taylor Gordon, N. Y.

Just a few lines in behalf of a colored young man who is detained in the criminal ward at St. Peter, Minnesota. I was just recently released or dumped from this asylum. I am of white parents, and I am not in any way biased against class, color or creed. You can do something for this young man. His name is William B. Bowens. He was sentenced to Stillwater Prison to serve five to forty years. He was transferred to St. Peter a year ago this month. You can very easily get a committee to investigate conditions, not only in the criminal ward but also the prisons, and you will find out that I am stating the truth. When I see conditions beyond human endurance, how I ever put up or existed is more than I can say. Life for the average prisoner is not very long. The food is not fit for any human being to eat. They reduced me down to a skeleton from 195 pounds, so if they treated me in such a manner, what manner do you think they are treating some of those colored boys?

This young man, Bowens, was good enough to fight for our country. Why not show him a little consideration of justice now? There are more colored boys detained there beside Bowens. Of course, the majority are white but my white brothers did not show me no mercy. All I ask of you is don't use my name, not that I am ashamed of what I say, but you know that they would be looking me up as an undesirable citizen.

THE CRISIS was all the better for the articles by Matney and Abram Harris. More articles like those and fewer stories of howling successes in our restricted business world would

help THE CRISIS. We are a race of workmen. THE CRISIS is functioning for the greatest good when its pages preach co-operative buying, and such.

GEORGE W. STREATOR,
Cleveland.

I have been a staunch supporter of THE CRISIS for 20 years. During the past 10 years, I have contributed $50 per year to the N. A. A. C. P. I have been using copies of THE CRISIS for class-room texts off and on for the 15 years that I have been teaching in the local schools. My criticism, is therefore, friendly.

Please lighten up the tone of THE CRISIS. It's so heavy. So much economics and politics. Can't you vary your make-up a little? Let us have a little more fiction—a little humor. "White Lilacs" was awful. Matney's articles I suppose are good. But who reads them? The magazine that used to give us all so much pleasure here at school, has turned into a regular "blues" sheet. Other race publications are seizing your leadership. Liven up THE CRISIS, don't keep it so heavy and dull.

B. R. M., Washington, D. C.

I have read and highly appreciate Professor W. C. Matney's "Exploitation or Co-operation," in the recent issues of our foremost magazine. I hope to see it in pamphlet form and wide distribution among us. We co-operate to build quarter - million dollar churches, fraternal homes and churches. All of which means all going out and nothing coming in. We are, therefore, exploited by our own religious, fraternal and some financial leaders.

R. F. America, Philadelphia.

Although working but two days a week at the printing business and I have to make every penny count, I am sending in my renewal to THE CRISIS which I have taken for some time.

As a member of Typographical Union No. 6, I am sorry that the union label no longer appears in THE CRISIS nor does it adorn any of your printed matter. Knowing your sympathy for the workers, organized and unorganized, I do feel disappointed. Of the many publications, I take yours is one of the few minus the label.

I trust it will reappear in THE CRISIS. I naturally like to spend my union wages on the products of union labor where possible.

Edward P. Clarke.

I appreciate what you say concerning THE CRISIS magazine and the union label. I regret to say that I have entirely lost faith in the American Federation of Labor and its attitude toward Negroes. For years, I have in the CRISIS and on the platform, advocated the trade union movement, and while I berated the excluding of Negroes by trade unions, I tried to explain it. The course of Green, however, is indefensible, and until the trade union movement stands heartily and unequivocably at the side of Negro workers, I am through with it. I know that this attitude is a bit unfair to some unions who do admit the Negro, but the attitude of most unions is such that I think I am justified. We print THE CRISIS in a union shop, but it is almost impossible to get a black man into the Typographical Union. I know a few have been admitted but a very few.

I trust you will understand this frank expression of opinion.

The Editor

After several days trial, it was my good fortune to secure from the public library here a copy of your "John Brown." I have read it once and am about to read it again. Its eloquent tribute to John Brown transcends anything on the subject I have thus far read—and I have been fortunate in securing much good material. The interpretation of the Soul of John Brown—the thought behind the act—could come only from a man of the race with real understanding. I regret exceedingly that the book is out of print but if I can continue to arouse interest in it in the future as I have in the past few days since reading the book, I feel certain that the demands for copies will force the supply. I hope so anyway.

I have for some time been convinced, Dr. Du Bois, that the Negro has not done justice to the memory of John Brown and whatever his excuses may have been in the past, they can no longer remain in the face of his boasted intellectual and cultural advancement.

Fredericka D. Perry,
Kansas City, Mo.

May a white girl subscribe to THE CRISIS? I am an assistant in the Oakland Free Library and for the last six months have been engaged in compiling a bibliography of material, in our library, by Negroes. The list is almost finished now, but I feel that I shall need a Negro journal or two to keep me in touch with what Negroes are doing. . . .

I have worked with more earnestness at this list than anything I have ever done, because it has opened up an entirely new world for me: a world of men who have accomplished glorious deeds in the face of tremendous odds. Being personally free from prejudice against any other race, nationality or class, I had no idea that any people could be so blind and narrow and unspeakably cruel as my race has been to yours. I blush to say "my race" to you whose "Litany at Atlanta" moved me so deeply. I have been moved to many moods by the words of your race: exalted by the proud lines of Langston Hughes, who finds the faces of his people so beautiful, stirred immeasurably by the tender lines of Countée Cullen's "Brown Girl Dead," and filled with disgust and bitterness against my race by Walter White's "Rope and Faggot" and other such books that reveal our ugliness as it is. I wish I could atone, in some way, for being white "in a day like this."

———— ————,
Berkeley, California

You will be pleased to know that our advertising in your columns brings us replies from all over the United States.

Lincoln Secretarial School,
New York.

I am just now in receipt of a letter from Mrs. Todd, who is at our home in Michigan, informing me that in the March number of THE CRISIS there is a paragraph stating, among other things, that I am a West African. I am an American—a native of Petersburg, Virginia, and am so known by all here. I am not objecting so much to being called or known as a West African, but if there is any credit due our people in the States by reason of the fact that I was unanimously elected as Chairman of the Executive Committee of the Panama Canal Bar Association, an Association composed mostly of white men, I certainly desire our people in the States to get that credit.

William C. Todd,
Cristobal, Canal.

On page 120 of the April CRISIS, Captain W. F. Lucas says: "The Fifteenth Regiment, New York Guard, came into existence in 1915 by legislative act. . . . Colonel William Hayward organized the regiment in 1916 and led it to France in 1917." To this statement you append a footnote reading: "There was delay in organizing the regiment because Governor Smith refused to appoint a Negro colonel, (Editor)"

Alfred E. Smith's first election to the Governorship of New York took place in November, 1918. He assumed office January 1, 1919.

I know that you think Governor Smith hostile, or at any rate, completely indifferent to Negro rights. But in this instance at least you have, of course, through a mere slip of memory,

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THE N.A.A.C.P. BATTLE FRONT

THE MACHINE STARTS MOVING

IT is a big machine. It extends over an area of thousands of miles. It reaches into big cities and the smallest of backwoods towns. Its representatives enter the chief buildings of the United States Government, conferring there with the executives of the nation. They go into courts, they speak to governors, mayors and editors, they correspond with interested and influential persons in all parts of the world. It is a machine that is constantly at work. To keep it at work requires an immense correspondence, by letter, by travelling officers, by telegraph.

It is the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People which I have reference to. It has almost 100,000 members. Dean Pickens once remarked that you couldn't ignore 100,000 ants, let alone 100,000 people. But to get them, or even a fraction of them, to move in concert toward a common focus, is a huge job.

That was the job confronting the National Office when it was proposed this year to conduct a nation-wide Moorfield Storey - Louis Marshall Memorial Campaign. The time was limited. The outside limit for results to be obtained and shown was the date of the opening of the Association's 21st Annual Spring Conference in Springfield, Massachusetts, on June 25. So concentrated labor was necessary, and still is. It is necessary in order that results may be shown worthy of the two dead leaders who so unselfishly and generously gave of their time, their outstanding ability, and their means to further the work for which the N. A. A. C. P. was founded and exists.

Now the machine has actually started moving. From one city after another come the reports that memorial meetings have been undertaken, that the literature printed by the National Office is desired for distribution, that prominent citizens both white and colored are entering with enthusiasm into the work of commemorating the work done by Moorfield Storey and Louis Marshall in a way they would have wished it commemorated: by making it possible for that work to go on.

Not least among the people who have put their shoulder to the wheel of this immense machine, are the colored editors of the country. These editors are scattered all over the United States. Some of them preside over large weekly newspapers with a circulation of hundreds of thousands. Some of them publish a tiny sheet in a small community, to keep their readers in touch with what is going on of interest to all Negroes. The N. A. A. C. P. has often occasion to call upon these colored editors for help. And help they give, generously. I would like to show the kind of help that is being given to the Moorfield Storey-Louis Marshall Campaign by quoting in its entirety an editorial that was published in the New York *Amsterdam News* of March 26. That is not the only editorial that colored editors have written. There have been others and doubtless there will be more. But it well represents the spirit in which colored editors back up the N. A. A. C. P. So I will let the editor of the *Amsterdam News* have the floor for a moment as follows:

Storey and Marshall

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is about to start a campaign for a memorial to the late Moorfield Storey and Louis Marshall. There are no two men of recent times more deserving of grateful remembrance by the Negro. Eminently successful in their own race and careers, they went out of their way to befriend a race to which they owed nothing, for the sole reason that they were big enough, knightly enough, to wish to bring about Theodore Roosevelt's famous ideal—"All men up and no men down".

The coming drive should have the support of every Negro with a spark of gratitude in him. Moorfield Storey and Louis Marshall won five important victories for the Negro in the United States Supreme Court. Mr. Storey fought successfully for the decision that ended Negro disfranchisement by the notorious Grandfather Clause; he won the Louisville Segregation case; his argument in the famous Arkansas case saved twelve innocent Negroes from death and sixty-seven from long prison terms. Mr. Marshall won the Texas White Primary case; he prepared and argued the case against the insertion of clauses in property deeds forbidding rental or sale to Negroes; at the time of his death he was preparing a case to test Southern legislation which sought to circumvent the Supreme Court's decision in the Texas White Primary case.

Let it not be forgotten that one of the best ways to honor such men is to help carry on the work from which they were taken by death. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People is one organization that should never be allowed to suffer for lack of funds.

An editorial like that is not only grease to the wheels but gasoline for the tank of the big machine that is the N. A. A. C. P. It shows that the editor who wrote it not only knows how to write good English but that he is a friend and participant in the Association's work. That is true of many colored editors throughout the United States. Upon them devolves very largely the task of keeping colored people informed of what is happening, so that they can act together.

And now, with such help as the editors are constantly giving, the machine is actually under way. In one city of New York State, Rochester, the branch was not content merely with a memorial meeting to honor the memory of Messrs. Storey and Marshall. At that meeting, in addition, the branch pledged itself, through its president, ex-Congressman Jacobstein, to seeks industrial opportunities for colored men and women in that city, so that they would have equal opportunity with white people, on the job. That is concrete action in the direction in which Messrs. Storey and Marshall were going.

Other branches have invited leading white and colored citizens to meet to-

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Spingarn Medal

The 16th Spingarn Medal, presented annually for most distinguished achievement by an American of African descent, will again be given at the 21st Annual Conference in Springfield, Mass., of the N. A. A. C. P.

Do you know any colored man or woman who has done outstanding work in the arts, in science, in business, in military service, on land or sea. If so, you may nominate him or her for this year's award.

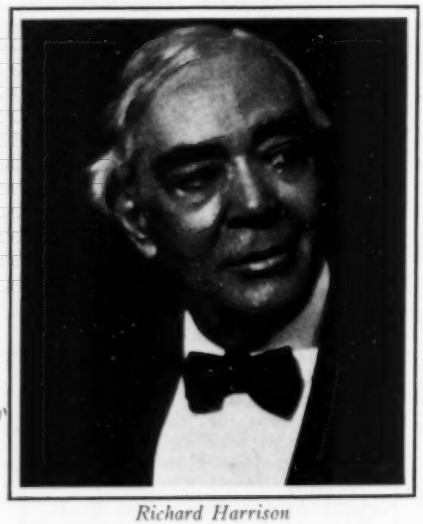
Send the name of your nominee, together with brief life history and a statement of the work or achievement meriting the award, to Bishop John Hurst, chairman Spingarn Award Committee, 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. The time is short so act *at once*, if you want your nomination to have ample consideration.

"DRAMATIS PERSONAE"

GREEN PASTURES

Slowly but with unerring certainty the American public is being led toward the bitter but reviving waters of the life history of the American Negro. They have long refused to quaff this sour and shuddering draught. They have even denied its existence. They still shrink at the rush of its turbulent waters. They have clamored for broad farce, and then compromised with rollicking comedy. And then gradually, very gradually, they have approached the great and human stream.

One easily may trace the footsteps from "nigger" minstrels up to "Bandanna Land"; from "The Red Moon" to "Lulu Belle"; and then, the gradual climbing over "Deep River" to "Hallelujah"; and now to the broad and tenderly alluring "Green Pastures".



Richard Harrison

It is difficult for the Negro audience to judge a play for themselves. Most of us lack clear standards. What do we want in a play? A picture of ourselves as we would like to seem? A picture of ourselves as some of us are? Or a caricature of Negro life as today it is certainly not? Yet all these things can be portrayed upon the stage in an artistic way, and if the result is artistic, the play has a right to be given.

All art is propaganda, and without propaganda there is no true art. But, on the other hand, all propaganda is not art. Indeed, most of it is not. Most complaints, curses, arguments and facts are not at all artistically done and are not meant to be, no matter how true they may be. But, on the other hand, if a person portrays ideal Negro life, the sole judgment of its success is whether the picture is a beautiful thing. He can not be criticized simply because white folk think the facts untrue or the ideal undesirable. Or, on the other hand, if he caricatures Negro life, and makes it sordid and despicable, the critic's criterion is not whether the work is complete or true to life, but solely, Is the idea well presented? Is the comedy genial and satisfying? The artist can not be criticized simply because it is caricature, although the public and the press may certainly be criticized for saying, as many said of Porgy—"this is a picture of typical Negro life!" No, it was not, but it was a beautiful play. Or, if the picture of Negro life while true enough is incomplete, nevertheless, the measure of success is its artistry and not its completeness. The black world does rightly complain that white folk insist on judging art as truth and then refusing to accept or see or read any artistic work which does not portray the truth as they want it. This cripples the souls of white folk, but it does not make "Hallelujah" one whit less a fine movie.

The difficulty, of course, with the Negro on the American stage, is that the white audience, on the one hand, demands caricatures and farces, and the Negro, on the other hand, either cringes to the demand because he needs the pay, or bitterly condemns every Negro book or show what does not paint colored folk at their best. Their criticisms should be aimed at the incompleteness of art expression; at the embargo which white wealth lays on full Negro expression—and a full picturing of the Negro soul. On the other hand, the white audience rightly protests by refusal to listen to things that are not artistic, even though they may be complete and true.

All these difficulties are being slowly overcome. In "Green Pastures", Marc Connelly has made an extraordinarily appealing and beautiful play based on the folk religion of Negroes. Some whites will not like it because it is too human and tragic with all its humor. But more Negroes will view

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"Out of the land of Egypt; out of the House of Bondage"

THE POET'S CORNER

Ode to Unemployment

By C. M. CUNNINGHAM

HEZEKIAH BROWN arose at early dawn
To walk the streets in search of some employment.
He plied his quest from factory to fact'ry
And enquired at each one
If they might have use for him.

Night fell
And still he had found nothing,
But turned his leaden footsteps
Homeward;
Not despairing, yet not hopeful.

Next day he 'rose
And followed 'most the same procedure,
Except that in the early afternoon
He had decided that 'twould not be worth while
To inquire any further.
He'd wait until the morrow and begin afresh.

The next day followed and the next,
Each day becoming shorter than the former,
While 't seemed to him he had not slack'd his efforts
But in reality he was just wandering
In hope that Chance might place him in a way to find a job.

Yet time elapsed
And Chance has not been generous.
Today you'll find him standing
At Thirtieth and South State Streets,
And you perhaps would think him just a loafer.

However, if the truth were known,
'Twould seem that he's still hoping
That Chance has not deserted him entirely,
But will some day procure him
Some employment.
And he'll again become respectable.

Interim

By VIRGINIA HOUSTON

I AM so tired
Waiting for my heart to break,
Waiting for tears to heal my soul,
For a blessed hand to melt away
The agony within me.

Aeons since you went from me
Into an alien world. And still
Stranger to beauty are all my days,
My nights dark makings of libations
Where once the myrtle grew!

I could carry the weight of winter,
The glory of autumn nights and days,
But I cannot bear the spring.
And I am ill, unto death, my Beloved!
Sick with longing, sick with weeping,
Waiting for my heart to break.

To Mother

By JOHN H. OWENS

LISTEN, O brown, kind mother,
I am weary and I would rest;
Put your old, warm arms about me,
Let me lie on your withered breast.

I am very sick of cities—
Of faces cold and strange—
I long for your sun-washed spaces,
Blue skies and wind-swept range.

I am sick of the huddled houses,
And the selfish hearts of men:
Put your warm, kind arms about me,
Let me lie on your heart again.

When You Know

By
GEORGIA DOUGLAS JOHNSON

"YOU cannot hate the man you know",
You'll find this adage true,
A certain sympathy is born
When men draw close to you.

You only hate the thing that's strange,
The man who dwells apart—
But no one *understands,* and hates,
Another human heart.

For when you know his travail,
Know his secret hopes and fears,
He's just another comrade
To march with you down the years!

Black Man

By HEBA JANNATH

HE has plowed and planted cotton
Has picked it by the ton
He has bred and slaughtered cattle
Beneath a scorching sun.

He has garnered in the rice fields
And harvested the grain
He has held the breaking levees
Against the hurricane.

He has laid the Southern highways
Thru swamps and over hills
He has mined for coal deposits
To run the Southern mills.

He has blasted in the subway
And labored on the docks
He has cooked in countless kitchens
And builded city blocks.

He has fought his country's battles
Has answered ev'ry call
And has shed his blood that Freedom
Might be the lot of All.

He has fashioned gallant rhythms
Of love and life and loss
He has set the world to dancing
And died upon a cross.

And yet, they say he's not a man
Not equal to the rest
What, we ask, is Manhood
If this be not the test?

Poems

By BESSIE MAYLE

NIGHT is like an avalanche
Sliding down the sky.
It covers me with black and gold
While other shades stand by.

Blackest nights show up the stars—
Stars of yellow gold;
Royal stars which prove to be
Very, very old.

White against a sheen of black
Shows the finest lines,
Showing too the falser tones
The finer ones entwine.

Background shades are ruling shades,
And for the world it's black—
You can find it in the east
And on the jungle's track.

What does it matter if white lights
Can boast their rays before—
Brightest days burn out themselves,
And night rules evermore.

Skylines

ARE marking me in today,
Like huge arms
The mountains hold my valley in,
And many an age goes by.

Huge things are jealous things—
Like mountains—
Locking me in
And the world out.

Huge things are silly things—
Like mountains—
Locking out the world's eye,
Forgetting all about the stars.

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Murdering Women in Nigeria

By BEN N. AZIKIWE

The truth about the extraordinary massacre of Negro women in the British West African colony of Nigeria is not yet clear and may never be, despite the fact of at least two "official" investigations. The following article is written by a native of Nigeria, studying in the United States. The Editor has taken the liberty of correcting the author's manuscript in certain respects and adding certain explanations.

THE press reports regarding the shooting of women by the British Government in Opobo, Nigeria, West Africa, censored as they have been, still show a growing resentment of the native population against the colonial autocracy of Great Britain. The shooting of unarmed women in cold blood is certainly a form of barbarism. When a power like Great Britain permits such an exhibition of savagery, it merely demonstrates that talks of World Peace, of the Kellogg Pact and of the League of Nations are platitudes.

The trouble with Nigeria arose over a poll tax, that is, a head tax which it was attempted to place upon women as well as men. The poll tax in Africa is a method of forcing the natives to labor. The combination of confiscating the land and making the native pay $5 or $10 a year as a tax in cash will often reduce a tribe to virtual slavery. This is the case of Kenya. In Nigeria, on the other hand, the natives still retain title to their lands. The dominion of Great Britain over many tribes who for one thousand years have been their own masters and maintained great states is recent and by no means complete. The so-called indirect method of government is in vogue. That is, the British rule through the chiefs, but the chiefs are either appointed by the British, or if they are elected, must be subservient to the District Commissioner or lose their office. Thus on the iron hand of British power is the velvet glove of a native chieftancy.

When now the Resident of Owerri Province recently ordered a District Officer of Opobo District to collect taxes from the people trading in the markets, trouble arose. Most of these traders were women. For decades they had made use of these markets without paying taxes for their stalls—indeed, according to native law and custom, the market place was communal and could be used freely by those who wished. On the other hand, the British needed more revenue and ordered it collected.

Representatives of the British Government in the Nigerian Civil Service are not familiar usually with the native dialects, and must employ interpreters. Few of these interpreters are educated and their knowledge of English is usually poor. Nevertheless these interpreters stand between the British and the mass of natives. This gives them prestige and power. It enables them to prey on the ignorance of the natives and to act as stool-pigeons and lackeys for the whites. On the other hand, the white cadets and assistant district officers are high school graduates, or appointed from army reserves. Only a few of them are educated men. They have usually not even rudimentary knowledge of political science, law, or social development. Thus, between the higher officials and and the mass of the natives stand two vitiating influences — the untrained white officials, and the interpreters.

The natives of Opobo belong to the Ibo tribe and speak a variation of the Ibo language, called Kwa-Ibo. The original Ibo is spoken in Onitsha, the center of the Ibo country. The Ibo tribes, together with the Hausa and the Yoruba people are the largest tribes in Nigeria, and in the delta districts of Southern Nigeria, Ibo has become the lingua Franca. The Ibos themselves are a war-like tribe dating from the sixteenth century, but after civil war in Benin they migrated and settled on the east side of the river Niger.

Missionaries and explorers invaded Southern Nigeria in the early nineteenth century. Among them were Laird, Lander, Mungo Park, and Barth. There were bloody expeditions and massacres for sixty years. Riots, insurrections, and risings took place until at last in 1900, Colonel Frederick Lugard, now Lord Lugard, was victorious and declared the 335,000 square miles of Nigeria a colonial dependency of Great Britain. In 1914, Southern Nigeria, Northern Nigeria, and Lagos Colony were amalgamated to form the Colony and Protectorate of Nigeria.

Since 1900, the British have tried to pacify the natives, and many of them are receiving some education and training in Western economic ideas. Nevertheless they retain many of their ideals of personal liberty, and these, from time to time, have caused open ruptures with Great Britain. There were, for instance, the Ekumeku risings, the Enugu rebellion, and the Oil River expedition. While the chiefs retained their power, yet the people of Nigeria had no voice in British Administration until 1923. By the incessant agitation of the leaders of the National Congress of British West Africa, limited franchise was granted to four West African colonies. Under this provision, the Negroes elect a minority of the Legislative Council, and Opobo is represented in the Council by two chiefs and the Honorable F. C. Obianwu. Naturally the natives are not satisfied with this, because the British Official Majority can at any time over-ride the native minority; moreover the chief must be subservient.

The recent Opobo massacre was due to the poorly qualified political officers of the Civil Service, and the lack of any chance of conference and understanding between the mass of people and the British rulers. In 1925 a similar incident took place in Calabar, twenty-five miles from Opobo. The District Officer ruled there that the women of various tribes must pay poll tax. The chiefs did not understand the ruling and the women, therefore, went to their usual stalls the next day, and were driven out by the police. They held a mass meeting and sent a petition to the white British Resident of Calabar Province. The Resident was away on tour and his assistant refused to receive the petition. He ordered the chiefs to command the women to obey the law and make complaint afterward. The chiefs objected on the ground that the women had no right of suffrage and were not represented in the Town Council; also they insisted on the communal ownership of the markets. The District Officers drove them out of his office. The women became enraged, staged a demonstration and attacked the shops of the white merchants. Over 5000 of them marched though the streets of Calabar.

Immediately the District Officer ordered the Commanding Officer of the Calabar Unit of the Nigerian Regiment to quell the riot. The Officer refused to obey him saying that his Majesty's soldiers were not trained to fight against women, and that he was

(*Will you please turn to page* 178)

ALONG THE COLOR LINE

EUROPE

¶ The Hours Press of Paris offers Fifty Dollars for the best poem up to 100 lines in English or American on the subject "Time". Entries close June 15.

¶ Negroes resident in Germany have formed a branch of the International League for the Defence of the Negro race. Most of the members are from former German colonies in Africa.

AMERICA

¶ The following colored persons have received the Degree of Master of Arts: at the University of Chicago, Akintunde Dipeolu, a native African, in Social Ethics and Education; at Columbia University, John W. Parker, in English with honors. He is a graduate of Shaw and the University of Chicago; also Miles L. Jefferson, son of the Principal of Sumner High School, Parkersburg, West Virginia. He is employed as librarian at the West Virginia State College.

¶ Of the eighty-five Fellowships given by the John Guggenheim Fund to scholars, writers, sculptors, composers, and other creative workers, two were given to colored Americans: one to Mrs. Nella Larsen Imes, the novelist, for creative writing; and one to Dr. Charles H. Wesley, Professor of History at Howard University, for "A Study of Negro Slavery and Apprenticeship in the British West Indies from 1807-1838". These Fellowships usually carry a grant of $2500 each. Former colored Fellows have included Countée Cullen, Eric Waldron, and Walter White.

¶ Roland Hayes has been singing in the South and has appeared at Savannah, Tallahassee, Washington, Rome, Augusta, and Atlanta. His appearance has evoked unstinted praise.

¶ Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois announces that on January 29, 1930, a divorce was granted his daughter, Nina Yolande Du Bois Cullen, from her husband, Countée Cullen, at Paris. The divorce becomes absolute this month. Mrs. Cullen, who will resume her maiden name, is teaching in the Junior High School at Baltimore. Mr. Cullen remains in Paris, where he is engaged in literary work.

¶ The American Tennis Association has listed its ratings. The first ten in men's singles are as follows: Edgar G. Brown of Illinois, James Stocks of Calif., Ted Thompson of D. C., Eyre Saitch of New York, E. D. Downing of Va., Sylvester Smith of Pa., Solomon Worde of N. J., Percy Richardson of N. Y., Lester B. Granger of N. J., and A. Graham of Ohio. In women's singles the first ten are Miss Ora Washington of Ill., Mrs. Frances Gittens of N. Y., Miss Lulu Ballard of Pa., Mrs. Emma Leonard of N. Y., Miss Isadora Channels of Va., Miss Blanche Winston of Illinois, Miss Lulu Porter of Illinois, Miss Elvita Marcellus of N. J., Mrs. Elise Conick of N. Y., and Mrs. Rhoda Smith of N. Y. The Junior singles are led by Nathaniel Jackson of N. C.; the Men's doubles by Eyre Saitch and Sylvester Smith; and the women's doubles by the Misses Ballard and Washington.

¶ Congressman DePriest has nominated eight young colored men to Annapolis and West Point.

¶ Dr. R. R. Moton has asked Dr. Mordecai Johnson, Leo M. Favrot, Benjamin F. Hubert, and W. T. B. Williams to help him make the edu-

Heirs to the Throne of Ethiopia.
Prince Asfa (seated) and his younger brother, Prince Makunen.

cational survey of Haiti.

¶ There has been considerable activity in dramatics. "Roseanne," given by the Gilpin Players at Cleveland, has been staged at one of the regular theatres and had a good run. The Dixwell Players in the fourth season at New Haven, Conn., have presented four one-act plays. The Fort Valley Players in Georgia have given three one-act plays under the direction of Dr. Frank Horne.

¶ "I wish I could describe the success of the play at the Allied Arts Theatre, Boston, last night. Such an audience! Professors from Harvard, a magazine editor, writers and musicians from the world proper, many in evening dress. A regular first night. And all perfectly enraptured and surprised at the performance of the "Invisible Threads" by Benavente which Walter Hampden gave in New York under the title, 'The Bonds of Interest'."

EAST

¶ William E. Harrison of Harvard '32 won the second prize of $60 in a competition held by the Old South Association. Mr. Harrison has an article on Negro Poets in the *Harvard Advocate*.

¶ George Gregory has been made Captain of the Columbia University basketball team. He is a Negro and is six feet four inches in height. He was trained at the Dewitt Clinton High School.

¶ A new Art Gallery has been opened at Howard University on the ground floor of the College Chapel. It was opened with a travelling exhibit of the Art Association of America.

¶ Judge James A. Cobb has been re-appointed to the Municipal Court of the District of Columbia. He was first appointed by President Coolidge in 1926. He succeeded Judge Robert H. Terrell, deceased, who was also colored.

¶ The Annual Musical Festival given by the Interracial Peace Committee at Philadelphia will be held May 17th. Among those who will take part are the Coleridge-Taylor Chorus of Washington, D. C., the Fisk singers, Charlotte Wallace Murray, Louia Jones and the Glee Clubs from Lincoln and Howard University.

¶ The A. M. E. Zion Book Concern of Philadelphia has a new $225,000 building which has recently been placed in the hands of receivers. For many years the Book Concern was at 631 Pine St., but a new six-story building was put up at 19th and Pemberton Sts. D. M. Baxter, the business manager, calculated that the new building would carry itself, but it failed to do so.

¶ Miss Lila M. Fisher of Williamsport, Pa., has been the only Negro teacher in that city for twenty-one years. She is a leader in social and religious work, being president of the Eureka Federated Women's Club, a member of the Board of Management of the Y. W. C. A. and the Aged Women's Home. She is the daughter of the late Rev. R. A. Fisher and is held in high esteem by all citizens.

¶ Spencer Logan of Elizabeth, N. J., graduated from the Thomas Jefferson High School in 1930. He received the Kiwanis award of $10 for showing "the most unusual ability in scholarship and school spirit". He was awarded a pin for his work on the school publication. During his course, he was Editor of the school paper, Sport Editor of the Year Book, Senior Color Guard, member of the Track Team and of the Senior Council and President of the Nature-lovers Club. He plans to enter Rutgers in September.

Mrs. Frances Boyce

¶ Two colored members of the New York Assembly are pushing a bill for a new Municipal Court of Appeal in Harlem. The present court district which covers Harlem is twice as large as any other district and has one judge for 153,000 people. Bills to create a new district has been passed five times by the legislature but vetoed by Governor Smith.

¶ Smith College awards six pins each year known as the "S" pins. They are given to out-standing members of the senior class chosen by the student council. One of those to receive the honor this year was Harriet Pickens, daughter of William Pickens. "In the seven years that I have been here I do not know of any student who has received more spontaneous applause when the pin has been presented before the entire student body than Harriet received last week. She has made a great contribution to the life of Smith College and I wish that more young women of your race might come here to college."

¶ Clara L. Scudder who died at Newark, N. J., in January, studied the piano and pipe-organ under her father who was formerly a member of Craig's orchestra. For five years she was organist at St. Augustine's Church, Brooklyn, and afterward traveled with Loudin's Concert Company as singer and accompanist. For some time she was instructor at St. Augustine's School, Raleigh, N. C., and at the Deaf, Dumb and Blind Institute. For the past fourteen years she has been organist at St. Phillip's Church, Newark, N. J. She was a persistent, brilliant and unselfish worker.

¶ It is easy to forget that the methods of instruction at West Point include a detachment from the Ninth U. S. Regiment which is composed of colored Cavalry. The first colored Regulars to be stationed at the Academy came in 1907 and consisted of 100 men. There are now 189 privates. The Superintendent of the Academy says that "these men are most excellent soldiers and perform their duty with enthusiasm and pleasing cheerfulness." Among them are 28 non-commissioned officers. They have a polo team which regularly beats the cadets, besides basketball, football, baseball, track and field, and tug-of-war teams. They usually form an escort of honor for the President and members of the Cabinet, for foreign potentates, and recently for the Honorable Oscar DePriest, member of Congress from Illinois.

¶ Mrs. Frances Boyce has been President of the Board of Directors of the Phyllis Wheatley Y. W. C. A., Washington, D. C., for fifteen years. It was largely through her determined efforts that the building on 9th St. and Rhode Island Avenue N. W., was secured from the War Work Council. She was with the Y. W. C. A. through all its early stages when it had a four-room house on 4½ St., S. W., and a twelve-room place on "T" St. with just a housekeeper in charge. At that time Mrs. Boyce had to give most of her time to the Association day and night.

When the new building was erected the biggest Campaign of the Y. W. C. A. was staged and the largest amount ever raised among our group for one organization was realized.

There were many predictions of course that the building was too large a proposition for the women in Washington to handle. With Mrs. Boyce at the helm, the Phyllis Wheatley has gone steadily on and today, although there have been larger and more modern buildings erected, none are regarded as more beautiful than Phyllis Wheatley of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Boyce has always been first to contribute to every cause, both she and her husband having given thousands of dollars to this particular work. During the present Community Chest campaign, she solicited $3,975. Mrs. Boyce has studied the work and attended many conferences; she has been referred to by a National Y. W. C. A. secretary as one of the best presidents in Association work. On account of the illness of her husband, Mrs. Boyce has resigned as President of the Board of Directors, but will remain as a member.

¶ Thomas E. Miller of South Carolina was a member of the 51st Congress for two years. He is a free Negro from birth. He received his education at Lincoln University and is a lawyer. He served in the Senate of South Carolina and afterward in the House. When elected to Congress his seat was contested by William Elliot, but he eventually won the contest. In the South Carolina Constitutional Convention of 1894, Miller was a prominent member and fought hard to keep the Negroes from being disfranchised. He is at present living in Pennsylvania.

MIDDLE WEST

¶ President Hoover has promoted Lieutenant-Colonel Benjamin O. Davis to be a Colonel of Cavalry. Colonel Davis is on duty at Wilberforce University.

¶ In the All-State Basketball Team chosen by the *Indianapolis Star*, two colored boys qualified for the first team, Dejernette and Mann. Two other colored players, Lyons and Bugg, received high praise.

¶ Seventy-five members of the Ku Klux Klan at Oakville, near Toronto, Canada, tried to keep Alice Jones, a white girl, twenty years of age, from marrying Ira Johnston, a black man of thirty. They kidnapped the girl and took her home, but later the pair were married. The Klansmen are being prosecuted.

¶ John R. Lynch was born in Louisiana in 1847. He served as member of the Mississippi House of Representatives for four years, being Speaker of the House, 1871-1873. He was a member of the 43d and 44th Congresses, and of the 47th Congress. Afterward he was fourth Auditor of the Treasury Department and served as Pay-master in the Spanish American War. He now lives in Chicago.

¶ Detective Sergeant Ira L. Cooper, of St. Louis, is the first Negro to be made a Lieutenant in the history of the local Police Department. Cooper has just done an outstanding piece of detective work by breaking up a nest of kidnappers. He received special commendation from the Governor and members of Congress. Only six weeks ago the local Police Department said all Negro police officials were "failures."

¶ George W. Fleming, a colored student at the University of Wisconsin, won the Frankenburger Oratorical contest receiving $100 and became the representative to speak for Wisconsin at the Northwestern Oratorical League in May. Fleming scored American policy in the West Indies and South America, especially in Haiti. He is a junior in the school of Journalism, and was born in the Virgin Islands.

¶ Samuel Winningham has a most prosperous watermelon business in a basement at the corner of 37th St. and Giles Avenue, Chicago. He employs twelve persons and serves each month during the season more than 5,000 melons. His refrigeration plant has a capacity of 250 melons and uses 25 tons of ice daily; 500 crates of soft drinks are consumed. Mr. Winningham was born in Orangeburg, S. C., and for twenty years had a fish and poultry market in Cambridge, Mass. Finally he came to Chicago with his family of nine children. Prohibition helped his scheme for a watermelon shop and with the help of his daughter Grace the project was begun. Mr. Winningham has developed extensive watermelon growing plots in Georgia, Florida, Texas, and Iowa. Besides the melons and soft drinks, he sells seed, and makes pickles and jelly of the rind. He is fifty-nine years old, and six feet tall.

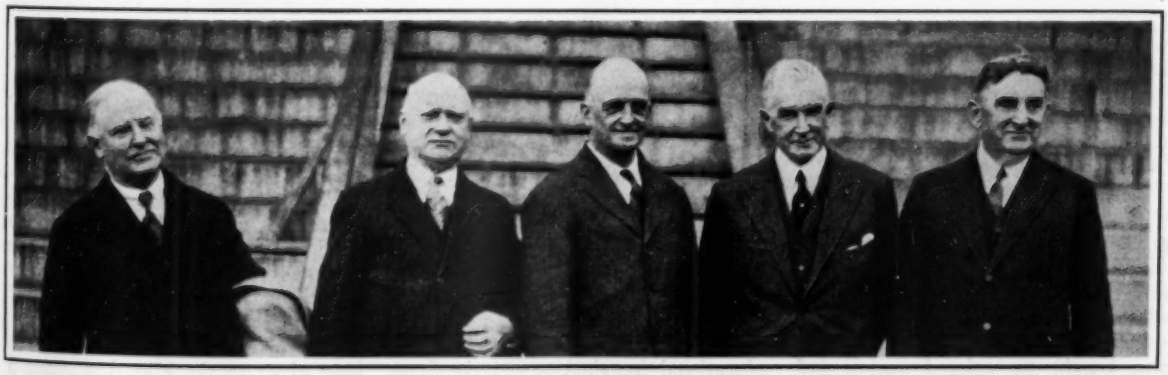
¶ Oscar S. Ficklin was born in Memphis, Tennessee and educated in the public schools. He has been in St. Louis thirty years, working as porter, mail clerk and assistant in a chemical laboratory. This position he lost because the white help threatened to resign. He then began working for the Union Electric Light and Power Company, where he started as porter and became finally, in 1915, a full-fledged chemist. For this latter work, he had prepared himself through correspondence schools. He is married and has a daughter at Howard, and has served as Secretary of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P.

SOUTH EAST

¶ Edward Waters College of Jacksonville, Florida, was sold at a sheriff sale recently. It has ten buildings and is supposed to be worth $300,000. It is hoped that the institution will be redeemed.

¶ C. W. Florence, Dean of Virginia State College has been elected President of the Collegiate Deans and Registrars. R. O. Lanier is Secretary. The organization will meet at Pine Bluff in 1931.

¶ The Third Annual Fact Finding Conference met in Durham, N. C., April 16, 17, and 18. It confined its study to the economic needs of the Negro. Dr. James E. Shepard was President.



The Hoover Haitian Commission
W. A. White, E. Vezina, W. C. Forbes, H. P. Fletcher, J. Kearney, page 173.

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Miss Fisher *page* 166 | *Dr. Eagan* *page* 169 | *Mr. and Miss Willingham* *page* 167 | *O. S. Ficklin* *page* 167 | *The late Mrs. Hapgood*

¶ Morgan College, Baltimore, has for many years been a member of the Association of American Colleges. We mentioned other colored colleges as members last month.

¶ Virginia Union University is raising a fund of $350,000 by June 30th. The General Education Board has promised to furnish the balance if friends of the school raise $52,000.

¶ The Virginia Supreme Court of Appeals has before it a new case to determine the jurisdiction of registrars who in the past have been depended upon to disfranchise Negro voters. A. W. E. Bassett, Jr., and J. Thomas Newsome are the colored attorneys on behalf of W. E. Davis who was refused registration.

¶ President E. C. Peters has been formally installed as President of Paine College, Augusta, Ga. Mr. Peters is a white Southerner and Paine College is the only college for Negroes supported by the C. M. E. Church, and the M. E. Church, South.

¶ A Demonstration School in connection with the Department of Education will be carried on at Atlanta University next year. "The Demonstration School, through its faculty, will provide an example of good teaching, but its main emphasis will be the welfare of the pupil. The aim will be to train the pupil in thoroughness, in accuracy and in knowledge of the subject. The purpose of the Demonstration School is not primarily to give students in the Department of Education practice in teaching, but to provide them with an opportunity to observe good teaching and its results."

¶ At Demopolis, Marengo County, Alabama, Sam Mosley, a colored man, was run over by a car driven by a white man who was driving on the wrong side of the road. The white man bought the colored man a $15 casket and the police decided that it was an unavoidable accident.

MIDDLE SOUTH

¶ A total of $1,750,000 has been raised by the Board of Education of the M. E. Church for Meharry Medical College, Nashville.

¶ An attempt is being made to organize the Negro farmers of Alabama into co-operative units so as to receive aid from the Federal Farm Board. This movement has followed a conference between Dr. R. R. Moton, President Hoover, and the Chairman of the Federal Farm Board in Washington.

¶ Rev. O. Singleton, Superintendent of the Home Finding Society of Kentucky reports that $23,800 was raised last year for the work of the organization. This was given by friends in over 300 churches. He has a farm of 600 acres of land, with 22 buildings, and cares for 100 colored children.

¶ Fisk University will hold next summer a community recreation school to train Negro leaders in play and recreation. The school will be conducted under the Playground and Recreation Association of America through its Bureau of Colored Work. One hundred sixty-nine cities now provide three hundred seventy-nine playgrounds and recreation centers especially for colored people. The school will be in session from July 7 to August 1st, and the students will be limited to fifty. They must be between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-five. No tuition will be charged.

SOUTH WEST

¶ The cornerstone of a new $18,000 Booker T. Washington Home for Aged Negroes has been laid in Oklahoma City.

¶ A State Conference on Negro Education was held at Prairie View State N. & I. College, Texas in April. It was attended by representatives of educational foundations and the State Department of Education. city and county superintendents, presidents and deans of Negro colleges, and principals of Negro high schools.

¶ Miss Mattie Nance of Philander Smith College, Little Rock, has been sent to Europe by the Russell Sage Foundation to study social and economic conditions. She is the only colored girl among twelve. She received $1,000 and the tour is sponsored by the National Student Council of the Y. W. C. A.

¶ The Paul Laurence Dunbar High School of Little Rock, Arkansas, a $400,000 building, was dedicated April 14. Addresses were delivered by President John Hope of Atlanta University, President John M. Gandy of Virginia State College, and Bishop W. T. Vernon. John H. Lewis is Principal.

FAR WEST

¶ The Kosmos Social Club of San Francisco has held its 12th Annual Musical Reception. It had as its honorary guest, Alfred Hertz, conductor of the San Francisco symphony orchestra and a number of colored artists.

¶ Captain Horace Bevins of Billings, Montana, is a veteran of the Spanish American War, the Philippines Campaign, and Frontier warfare. He has just been placed on the emergency retirement list, after thirty-two years of active service. He was made Captain of Infantry in 1918 and served at Camp Dix.

¶ G. W. Boyden, for twenty-eight years an employee of the Stockton Savings Loan Bank in California is dead. He was born in North Carolina, became a Pullman porter and received a medal for heroism. He has lived forty years in Stockton. He was once president of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P. He is survived by seven children.

¶ The Negro citizens of San Diego have given to the Fine Arts center a terra cotta bust by Sargent Johnson. Sargent Johnson is a Negro artist liv-

ing in Berkeley, California. The presentation speech was made by the President of the local branch of the N. A. A. C. P.

WEST INDIES

¶ Dr. John M. T. Eagan is dead at Belize, British Honduras. He was born there in 1878 and trained at Chicago University, and McGill. He was held in high esteem for his professional ability and his personal gifts. He was the only native Negro physician in the country.

WEST AFRICA

¶ The conviction of Dr. Benjamin Knowles who was charged with murder and tried without jury in British West Africa, has been quashed by the Privy Council in London. They give many legal reasons, but the real reason is that Knowles is a white man. Black men in Africa have been convicted and hanged frequently without jury trial.

¶ During the year 1929 produce of Belgian Congo was landed at Antwerp to the value of 884,977,000 Belgian francs. It consisted chiefly of copper, palm nuts, cotton, copal gum, and palm oil.

¶ It is reported that there is a commercial crisis in Liberia arising from a combination of European merchants to fix prices for raw materials. The Government owes these merchants a sum reported to be $147,000 and is not in a position to pay at present.

¶ Ephriam G. Taylor, African Assistant Treasurer of Sierra Leone is dead. He was born in 1877 and entered the Treasury Department in 1902.

EAST AFRICA

¶ Dr. Leo Frobenius is convinced that the ruins of Zimbabwe date from a period 1000 or 4000 years before Christ. He has visited India and finds ruins there which parallel those in Africa. This with other evidence leads him to class the civilization of Zimbabwe as Sumerian. Frobenius did not add the fact that the Sumerians were undoubtedly black.

¶ A fine new railway station was dedicated with solemn pomp at the capital city of Ethiopia last December. In front of it stands a monument to the late Emperor Menelik which is surmounted by a lion and has medallions on the side representing the Emperor and Empress, the present King Ras Tafari and his father. The depot represents the terminus of the French railway from Djibouti.

¶ Heretofore unknown ruins have been discovered in Portguguese East Africa. They are surrounded by stone walls and contain traces of circular stone buildings. Copper, iron and bronze implements were also found.

The Papal Commission to Ethiopia.

SOUTH AFRICA

¶ A native demonstration against the Riotus Assembly Bill led the House of Parliament at Capetown to be guarded by squads of police with fixed bayonets and gas bombs.

¶ The Joint Session of the Parliament of the Union of South Africa has shown that the problem of the native overshadows every other subject.

¶ Prime Minister Hertzog has introduced a bill to give white women suffrage throughout South Africa. This for the first time raises discrimination in the franchise requirements of Cape Province. There the present requirements for voting are $250 a year in wages or property of equal value; there is no discrimination between white and colored.

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Miss O. Washington *Mrs. Frances Gittens* *E. G. Brown* *J. Stocks*

YOUTHPORT

For Juniors of the N. A. A. C. P.

EFFIE LEE NEWSOME, *Critic*

Editor: Agnes J. Laws
Editors: Elizabeth Carter
Assistant Alda Taylor
Art Editor: Eleanor Paul

BOOKS

JOHN COTTON DANA has been at the head of the free public library of Newark, New Jersey, since 1902. His advice about books, published in 1929, is worth the reading of all young people. We venture to extract a few paragraphs:

"Everyone should buy books. By that I mean that every person of intelligence, able to read ordinary print with some ease, will find that the habit of owning looks and having them about him will give him more pleasure in the long run than any other habit he can form. Only a few buy and read books, to be sure; but then, only a few get out of life all the pleasure they are capable of getting.

"But you may say you rarely read in books, and so why buy any?

"Well, to this there are several answers. One is that books make fine furnishings. They do good to the room they stand in. They give your house an air, and you are obliged to breathe that air! Then, too, they are tempting. Who knows when you will yield to the temptation to enjoy books if they are always at hand?

"What books shall I buy? Buy what you like. It's the same rule, you see, as the Great rule about Reading! Often one knows the kinds of books he likes, when he reads them; but does not know how to find more of that kind.

"This trouble it is easy to get 'round by asking the public library.

"Shall I get a big dictionary? When the time comes, yes. But first get books that you or your family or both like to read. If there are children about, you will find they use dictionaries in school, and you will wish to keep ahead of them by having a pretty good dictionary at home. If the family has the habit of talking about words and their exact meaning and how to pronounce, get a dictionary, surely!

"But you can begin with quite a small one. Some of the small ones are very good and vastly interesting to look into.

The Easter Bunny
Drawn by Lois H. Jones

"Shall I buy an encyclopaedia? If you are the encyclopaedia kind of a man, yes. And when the children begin to pass the ten-year mark you should have one for them to pull down and handle as they will. But it is easy to waste good book money on an encyclopaedia. There are many kinds and the best one for you is the one, that, among those you can afford, you will use most.

"Shall I buy 'Complete Works?' No! Buy the books you want of any given author, and no more. You need not buy twenty volumes by one writer for the sake of getting the three that are all you care to read. The Complete Works Habit shows its effects on too many homes already. Rows of all that Brown, Jones, Robinson, Smith and other great authors ever wrote, not omitting what is worthless and including often his private and useless letters and a life by a commonplace friend—these glare through the glass doors of their cases in thousands of homes, and declare their unused uselessness by their bright and shiny look. In few homes are read the complete works of anybody.

"What shall I say to book agents? A very good rule is to say that you buy all your boks at the stores. Another is to say that you don't talk book buying at home. Another, that you never buy on first look or half looks, and that if he will send to you the complete thing he has to see and leave it with you for a week, you will give him a written decision. Another is that his book will soon be on sale, and much cheaper, second-hand, in the bookstores. This is true of 90 per cent of the book agent's wares."

Would you kindly let me know if there is an organization or a foundation such as the Rockefeller Foundation that enables colored children to go to college. I want very very much to go to college. However, have not been able to do so because my parent is not able.

I have heard that there was such an organization that helped children to go through college and allowed the children to pay them back after they had finished. I would even work in the summer time and pay back that way.

Please, sir, let this letter be confidential. Thank you for all you do for this matter. Hoping to hear from you soon.

I notice that a Junior section is running in the CRISIS.

Mr. A. O. Porter, of Hampton Institute, makes an interesting suggestion in re "The Hampton Tours" to Europe:

That we might get some one to put up the money to offer a "Scholarship" or tour to a Junior (about $440). This would stimulate Junior activity, both in THE CRISIS and in Junior Divisions.

The problem is, *the money*. But it would be a thing of great interest if some benevolent person could offer an N. A. A. C. P. Junior a trip to Europe and back with one of these tours,—for favorable competition of some kind over a given competitive period.

Perhaps the Madam C. J. Walker Co. or the Poro Company might take to such a suggestion.

WILLIAM PICKENS.

I read the "Youthport" in the January issue of THE CRISIS, and think it's going to be wonderful. Just

the thing we Negro boys and girls need, a place in a Negro publication to place our writings and drawings that our race may see its youngsters are looking forward for a greater progress.

I am a boy of 17 with a talent for art. My right arm was paralyzed at the age of two, and now I can't use my right hand; I work with my left. I am a high school student of Second Ward High here.

I have had some of my drawings published in "The Buzzing Bee Club" column, in the *Chicago Bee*, and the *Charlotte Observer*.

JAMES E. GANTT.

"MY PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE"

"Our Birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's star
Hath had elsewhere it's setting
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness
And not in utter nakedness
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God who is our home."

I have such a peculiar, muddled philosophy of life that it is almost impossible for me to put it into words. However, the above poetry expresses part of it more beautifully than I can. Most of us believe in a life hereafter, and, if that is so, why should there not be a life before? I am convinced, as Wordsworth is, that as babes we still know the glory that was before; and to me it seems that that glory stays with us, though dimly interpreted in our Soul. Why else should we have dreams—always of perfection in one way or another? Why should we be overcome with an unutterable longing—a sense of tears—a need to bow down when something of exquisite beauty confronts us, if not because we remember the same beauty in the life that was; we desire it in the life to come.

Our earthly existence is in more than a phase, in order that we may acquire the gift of tears and therefore know to a fuller extent the sweetness of the life before and the glory of the same life hereafter.

What that ethereal realm, that was and shall be, is like I know not. But high upon the hills, while breathing the fragrance of green leaves and sleeping flowers, while gazing at the diamond-gleaming azure above me, there comes a whisper.

"I am it." Or if I let the wind play with my hair and the earth delight to feel the touch of my bare feet, if overcome with ecstasy I stretch my hands to the caressing sun, then I hear the words, "I am it." And again, when standing by the infinite ocean I let the waves splash high to kiss my lips, there comes the knowledge, "I am it."

Oh, grasping, seeking, foolish mortal that I am! Perhaps all this shall be there—perhaps none. At least this earthly life takes me to the lowest of all depths and allows me a glimpse of a few high pinnacles so that when I return to "God who is my Home" I shall know the infinite glories of His mountains.

JEAN ANDERSON.

Postscript
by W. E. B. DuBois

ARCHIBALD H. GRIMKÉ

THE Board of Directors of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People records with profound regret the passing of the Honorable Archibald H. Grimké, who as President of the District of Columbia Branch of the N. A. A. C. P., as member of the National Board of Directors, and as Vice-President of the Association, aided so materially in the work of the N. A. A. C. P. to remove barriers from the path of the Negro. America and the Negro have suffered a grievous loss in the passing of this distinguished citizen who served his country and race so brilliantly and unselfishly.

The Board of Directors instructs that this expression of regret and of condolence to Mr. Grimké's family be spread upon its minutes and copies of it be transmitted to the family and to the press, and printed in THE CRISIS.

VIRGINIA

IT is with difficulty that one keeps from laughing over the plight of Virginia and its "race purity" legislation. For something like 311 years, whites, Negroes and Indians have been inter-marrying and inter-mingling in this state. Recently, the Legislature has been trying to unscramble the races, and some papers, like the *Times-Dispatch*, are getting quite hysterical about it. Essex County, for instance, has a number of "colored" children in the white schools—that is, children in whom experts may seem to see blood that is not pure "white". "Mixed schools!" yells the *Times-Dispatch* in its frantic desire to keep these poor babies out of the best schools of the community. But some of the Indians object. It is a little hard to distinguish between Negro and Indian blood, and these folks want the benefit of the doubt. But the *Times-Dispatch* gnashes its teeth and orders the Legislature to pass a law defining a colored person as one having "any ascertainable amount of Negro blood." But this surely is not enough. Does the *Times-Dispatch* want its sister to marry a man who has an unascertainable amount of Negro blood? My God! What a loophole!

"INTER-MARRIAGE," FINIS

OUR readers will remember that in the January, 1930, CRISIS we published a letter from a young white man who sought advice on marrying a colored girl. We gave him our advice and asked our readers to give him more. In the February and March numbers of THE CRISIS our readers added to his burden of advice, thoughts and directions of all sorts. And now finally comes the end of the whole matter. He writes to us:

"I have not read THE CRISIS regularly for some time, so I was—it is rather difficult to say how I felt at first—embarrassed I think describes it best—when I looked into the February issue and discovered the discussion taking place over my case. I have been variously amused and ruffled and pleased at the surmises as to what kind of folks we must be and the solutions offered. She is of a much more positive disposition than I and, in my opinion, tired of my 'to be or not to be' state of mind these six or more years and recently married a fine young colored man."

And so they lived happily ever after!

TAXICABS IN NEW YORK

IT is natural that most observers, even though they be colored, do not see the real animus of the taxicab fight in New York. In Chicago, the Yellow Taxicab Company has secured by various devices almost a monopoly of the taxicab business and no colored man can drive a Yellow Taxicab. In New York, on the other hand, where the monopoly has been broken, there are large numbers of Negro drivers earning a decent living. There comes now continuous and energetic pressure to "improve" the taxicab service; to "drive out criminals"; to do anything which will put the taxicab business into the hands of a monopoly and give the monopoly large profits. Immediately, the white drivers of this monopoly will organize a union and into that union no colored man may come. Gradually, colored drivers will be eliminated and several hundred men, who have earned a decent living, will be thrown into the ranks of the unemployed. They will sink to poverty and crime, and their delinquency will be credited to "the Negro race."

THE CAPITAL N.

RECENTLY and with a certain suddenness, the periodical press of the United States has decided to capitalize the word Negro.

Much of the new resolve is due to Roscoe Conklin Bruce, who as editor of the bi-weekly sheet published by the Paul Laurence Dunbar Apartments, has recently carried on a vigorous correspondence, much like a similar effort made by Lester Walton some years ago.

The N. A. A. C. P. also sent out over 700 letters with return postals to publishers all over the country.

Mr. Bruce did not stress the logic of the situation so much as the courtesy. He said repeatedly to editors: the colored people of the United States desire to have the word Negro capitalized, and their wishes ought to be respected.

It was this argument that brought down the *Atlantic Monthly* and the *New York Times*. The *Times* says: "In our Style Book, Negro is now added to the list of words to be capitalized. It is not merely a typographical change, it is an act in recognition of racial self-respect for those who have been for generations in the 'lower case'."

There remains scarcely a respectable periodical in the United States that refuses to capitalize Negro. In fact, the Government Printing Office in Washington and the *Forum* magazine stand almost alone.

SOUTHERN REPUBLICANS

WE cannot refrain from having a quiet laugh at the expense of the President of the United States with regard to those Southern Republicans. The Senate Committee has regaled us upon the venality of Southern politicians: they are taxing office-holders, selling offices, and pursuing the avocation of politics for all the traffic will bear. Moreover, it has been the silent assumption of all, and the blatant statement of papers like the *Chicago Tribune*, that all of this political rascality was the fault of Negroes. And yet, despite this, the Sen-

ate Committee makes R. B. Creager, the white Republican National Committeeman from Texas, target "for the Committee's most scathing criticism", and then, to cap this whole climax, Mr. Claudius H. Huston, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Southern gentleman from Tennessee, appointed for the express purpose of cleansing these Augean stables for the benefit of Hoover majorities at the next presidential election, is suddenly discovered to have deposited some $36,000 which he received as lobbyist, working for the sale of Muscles Shoales to private interests, to his own banking account in New York! Here, it was used to cover his gambling operations in Wall Street, and then, as he firmly asserts, it was "returned". All of which convinces us of the spotless purity of the white Republicans of the South and the unforgiveable perverseness of Negroes in not following their able teachings and shining example.

BACK TO THE FARM

EVERY once in a while there is a back-to-the-farm movement to induce Southern Negroes to leave the cities and go into the country. The arguments are that there is rich cheap land in the South; that the country is healthy; that the city is crowded and criminal; that the "natural" place for the Negro is on the soil. But Negroes do not respond, and unless they are natural born fools, they ought not to respond.

Farming, the nation over, is in the grip of the industrial profiteers, supported by an indefensible tariff system. Merchants and manufacturers are receiving government subsidy by which they can beat down the price of the farmers' raw material and raise the price of manufactured articles. The result is that the farming industry in the United States, as we have been repeatedly told, is sick unto death, and must be rescued. But remember that of the four million farms in the United States, nearly one million are conducted by colored farmers. In other words, the colored farmers are a little less than a fourth of the farm population, and whatever applies to the disadvantage of the farm population in general, falls with redoubled incidence on them.

The Negro farmer is not only the victim of the general economic oppression visited on all American farmers, but in addition to that, the country districts where he lives are nearest to slavery: there is no law and order; there is no decent education; there is no help toward social uplift. To advise a man to go into such an occupation and such a situation is to advise him to commit suicide.

MR. SADLER AND EDUCATION

SIR MICHAEL SADLER, an English educator, has been talking about democracy in education in the United States. He makes a very common error. He says with perfect truth that there must be a trained élite in any group or nation to lead, to govern, to explore, to invent, to become scientists and artists. That this élite is and will ever be comparatively small in number, as compared with the mass of men. And then, he makes the old plea, for the special education of this élite, and decries the attempt to educate everybody as though they were a part of it.

The mistake is subtle and from age to age few seem to see it. It consists in the assumption that the people who form the present élite are going to be the fathers and mothers of future members of this exclusive group, and that the only way to preserve civilization is to preserve the exclusive privileges and the closed circle of higher training of the present privileged classes.

In fact, the truth is not here at all. The discovery of persons of talent and ability is a long and difficult process and most of the unusual ability of any modern country is submerged in the ignorance and prejudice of the masses. Democracy and universal education do not mean that everybody can do everything or that all men should be educated as though they were Sadlers. It does mean that there is a chance of discovering a Michael Sadler on the East Side and in Harlem, as well as in Park Lane and Tuxedo. And that the discovery calls for the widest opportunity for talent to express itself and show itself, no matter how poor and black and unlovely its parentage may be. And when it does show itself, no amount of injustice in the distribution of wealth or color prejudice or class discrimination must stand in the way of a Harvard education for the black and the poor, the Jew and the Italian, the Irishman or the Indian.

The disheartening and invincible policy of modern educational methods is to ape England in limiting its higher training mainly to the descendants of the privileged classes of last century.

HAITI

THE Report of the Hoover Commission to Haiti, while distinctly gratifying, is not clear. The Commission recommends:

1. That, on the inauguration of a duly elected permanent President of Haiti, the office of High Commissioner be abolished and that a United States Minister be appointed in his place as diplomatic representative.

2. That there be a gradual withdrawal of Marines.

3. That the United States shall thereafter intervene in Haitian affairs only in those cases where specific provision is made by treaty between the two governments.

4. That Haitians gradually replace United States officials, until by 1936, there will be a sufficient number of Haitian officials to take full charge of the government.

5. That American physicians, engineers and police officials, shall be at the service of Haiti after the expiration of the treaty, in case Haiti desires them.

6. That in retaining officers in the Haitian service or selecting new American officials, the utmost care be taken that only those "free from strong racial prejudice" be retained.

7. That American Advisors be by treaty retained in the various departments of the Haitian government to work under Haitian Cabinet Ministers.

Thus, the Commission expects a temporary President, Eugene Roy, to take charge May 15, and in the fall of 1930, a permanent President to assume office. From that time until 1936, there will be a gradual withdrawal of Americans, and in 1936 Haiti is again to become a free country with of course provision made that interest on a heavy debt be paid regularly to Wall Street, and probably some sort of "Platt Amendment" will be proposed.

The judgment of the Commission on American intervention is naturally somewhat contradictory. There is the expected coat of whitewash, although it is very thin in places. The marines are praised. General Russell is found "whole-hearted and single-minded", and the Haitian Government is blamed for its condition in 1915. The Commission finds "great material progress in the past fifteen years," and recites eight hundred miles of highways, a new and modern fiscal system, civil order, and a sanitary service.

Nevertheless, the Commission frankly admits that the official heads acted as though they were in Haiti to stay; that there has been no preparation of Haitians for political and administrative responsibilities. One of the extraordinary things is that the Commission finds that the Occupation made "a brusque attempt to build democracy." It was indeed brusque! It meant the shooting down of over three thousand Haitians, and most of these the same poor peasants with whom we were sup-

posed to "try to broaden the basis of the articulate proletariat!"

There is discreet silence on our work in education.

In other words, the Report is muddled and not nearly as clear and straightforward as it ought to have been. Nevertheless, its specific recommendations are in the right direction. It is to the credit of Herbert Hoover that he has begun thus to retrieve the unforgivable error of Woodrow Wilson.

OUR PROGRAM

THE National Association for the Advancement of Colored People stands for the full political, economic and social equality of white folk and Negroes.

We have stood for this so long and fought for it so hard that it scarcely seems possible that anyone could misunderstand or successfully misrepresent our position.

Our fight for *political equality* includes a half-dozen cases taken up to the Supreme Court of the United States and our repeated urging of independent voting.

Our fight for *economic equality* has directed our attack upon discriminating unions and unfair employers and our advocating of co-operation and socialization of wealth.

Our fight for *social equality* has meant a long struggle against residential segregation and anti inter-marriage bills.

Beyond this, however, we recognize there are other and greater fields to conquer: there is the question of political rights for women, for the poor, for the unrepresented laboring millions throughout the world; there is the problem of economic justice in the distribution of income and in the democratization of the whole industrial process; and there is the question of caste and social class based on wealth and privilege. There is above all the question of Peace and the cessation of imperial aggression on weaker peoples.

To this greater field the N. A. A. C. P. has given thought and attention. But its contention is that until the radical thought of the world recognizes the role of color discrimination, it can never properly gird itself to fight for political, economic and social rights for the majority of men.

In other words, the color line today in hindering Democracy; is stopping economic justice; and is making real human contact impossible. It is doing this not simply by depriving colored folk of these advantages, but by the fact that through this color discrimination, the majority of white folk are also kept from democracy in politics, industry and society.

It is this point that radicals continually forget. Not understanding the Negro problem, they assume that political rights for white folk mean political rights for black folk; that after obtaining industrial justice, white working men will extend this to colored workingmen; that social insult and ostracism practiced against Negroes is nothing more than white class feeling based on wealth.

The N. A. A. C. P. has warned its radical friends and warns them now again: there is no magic in a radical program which is going to make the mass of people, rich and poor, forget their inborn prejudice against other races, especially if the races are darker hued.

It is, therefore, the first job of the N. A. A. C. P. and of any colored organization to get rid of this color complex; to fight color discrimination as such; to admit frankly that this is not the whole of the battle for human rights, but it is the first rampart to be taken; that until this battle is fought and won, there can be no racial political democracy in the world; there can be no complete economic justice; there can be no social equality. There can be no permanent Peace on Earth.

AN ARCHITECTURAL LIE

The following notice was printed in *Architecture,* January 1, 1930; the italics are ours:

Two Fontainebleau scholarships of $500 each, offered by Mr. Whitney Warren, will be awarded, by the jury selected for the judgment, for the two best designs submitted for the Class A IV Project in the school year 1929-1930, of the Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, Department of Architecture.

To be eligible for the scholarships the students must be registered in Class A and *must be American citizens of the white race, a condition that is fixed by the regulations of the French government for the Fontainebleau school.* The regulations in the circular of information governing Class A competitions will apply, except that the scholarships will not be awarded to any student who has previously won any other architectural scholarship for foreign travel or study or to any member of a school faculty.

THE CRISIS immediately wrote Gratien Candace, deputy in the French Parliament, and H. O. Tanner the well-known painter. We print two replies to M. Candace and Mr. Tanner's answer to us.

Paris, February 27, 1930.
From the Ministry of Public Instruction and of Fine Arts.

You have asked me to let you know if the rules of the American Schools of Art at Fontainebleau contain any special provisions concerning colored students.

I have the honor to inform you that the rules approved in 1927 by the Ministry of the Interior, upon advice from my office, do not contain any regulations of that kind. I may add that I have brought your question directly to the attention of the President of the Council of Administration of the Schools.

The Director General of Fine Arts,
Member of the Institute.
PAUL LEON.

Paris, March 13, 1930.
From the Ministry of Public Instruction and Fine Arts.

You have asked me if the rules of the American Schools of Art at Fontainebleau contain any special provision on the subject of colored students. Following my letter of February 27, I have the honor to inform you that I am in possession of an answer from the President of the Council of Administration and that he finds no provisions on that subject in the statutes nor in the school rules.

The Under Secretary of State
for Fine Arts.
EUGENE LAUTIER.

The very day I received yours of January 28th—through friends I went at once and saw an officer of the Government. He said—"You can be sure there is no truth in such a statement." The Government receives *all,* be they white or black or yellow or green or what not with equal pleasure. He went on to say how many black citizens France had, and that such a statement was not at all in line with their policy or thought on the matter.

HENRY O. TANNER.

On receipt of these letters, THE CRISIS wrote the editor of *Architecture* and received the following reply:

The announcement regarding the Fontainebleau Scholarships was printed in *Architecture* from a typed announcement sent to us by The Beaux-Arts Institute of Design, 304 East 44th Street, New York City.

The announcements of this kind are published just as we receive them from various organizations working with the architectural profession. Personally, I had not noticed the restriction you mention, and have never heard of it before. I would suggest that you get in touch with the Director of The Beaux-Arts Institute of Design in regard to the matter.

(Signed) H. H. SAYLOR

Immediately, letters were sent, March 31, to the Director of the Beaux-Arts Institute and to Mr. Whitney Warren. No replies or even acknowledgments have been received from either.

NO PLACE TO GO!

Your son is standing on the corner in New York, Chicago, Pittsburgh, Denver — a dozen other cities, with no place to go! Write him about the

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"I saw the Y. M. C. A. advertisement in the March issue of the Crisis, and feel that it will be the means of directing many young men to the Branches of the various cities when they are away from home. The advertisement is very appealing and challenging. I wish to congratulate you upon that score."

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Concerning Father

(*Continued from page* 155)

room, your astral body was floating over the blood-stained battle-fields of France, watching the ebb and flow of the conflict. Perhaps you were present at the war councils of the leaders and learned at first hand what Hindenburg and Ludendorff and Foch and Pershing were saying."

"Well," said father, "I don't know that I'd have understood it if I had, for I don't speak either German or French."

"You wouldn't have needed to," said Percival. "Your astral body could have read their thoughts, and then, when it returned to your physical body, conveyed them to your subconscious mind, which found expression unwittingly when you spoke."

"Well," said father as he rose from the table, "be that as it may, it was a close guess. I hope you saved the newspapers for me, Susie; I'll have to do a lot of back reading to catch up and keep from making a fool of myself. After all, any way you look at it, this is a queer world, and a great many peculiar things happen in it."

In which opinion of father's I heartily concur.

PENN COLLEGE LIBRARY
OSKALOOSA, IOWA

Moorfield Storey

(*Continued from page* 157)

fire and sang through that long night on Monadnock. Children ran to him instinctively, as they did to Charles Sumner. They knew somehow that he was friendly. His very horses knew it, in his riding and driving days. For one or two summers I had his old guides on a salmon river in Cape Breton. They had not seen him for many years, but they adored him, and there are no better judges of a man. Whether you saw him at play or at work,—at the farm in Lincoln, the summer home on Cranberry Island, in his library on the Fenway,—whether you talked about his favorite reading in history, biography and the older fiction and poetry, or simply the endless social gossip of earlier Boston days, you were in the presence of a friendly soul. And his friendliness was never more radiant than when one happened to touch upon those deeper questions of human rights and duties which were never long absent from his mind. I shall never forget, though it was twenty-five years ago, how his face glowed one night when I chanced to quote a sentence from a brilliant Irish lawyer, Lord Russell; I not knowing then that Russell was his dear friend and that the sentence was one of his own favorite quotations. I venture to repeat it now, because it expresses the dominant passion of Moorfield Storey's life. It is a definition of civilization: "Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice."

Outer Pocket

(*Continued from page* 160)

accused him unjustly. Was it Governor Whitman (1915-18 inclusive) who refused to appoint a Negro colonel, or is there some other incident in Governor Smith's career which you have confused with this? I should like very much to know.

Frank C. Wells,
Brooklyn, New York.

A few days ago in one of our large New England factories a young elec-

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trician, (white), was talking about what he thought to be the problem of the colored people; right away I saw that he was on the wrong track. I asked him if he would like to read THE CRISIS. He never had heard the name before, but he consented to. He found it so interesting that he started out to tell me what he didn't know. To make the story short, I am subscribing for him, hoping that we are gaining a friend.

J. E. Lowe,
Springfield, Massachusetts.

I am a constant reader of your magazine and it is without question the most valuable paper published concerning the welfare of Negroes. I am ashamed of my negligence or indifference in supporting this organization, but this indifference on the part of us Negroes has been the cause of our suffering so many wrongs.

G. M. Johnston, M.D.,
Shreveport, La.

Battle Front

(*Continued from page* 161)

gether. No doubt those who attend these meetings will learn something new about the work of the two leaders. They may also learn some things about one another in these meetings. Meanwhile, the 21st Annual Conference of the N. A. A. C. P. from June 25 to July 1, in Springfield, Massachusetts, is drawing closer and closer. By that time it will have been determined how general and how generous will have been the resonse to the appeal to carry on the work to which Moorfield Storey and Louis Marshall gave themselves. It is up to the members and friends of the N. A. A. C. P. now. Remember that the time is short, that the Springfield Conference opens on June 25.

H. J. S.

Green Pastures

(*Continued from page* 162)

it aghast, because it will seem to them sacreligious. God appears in a frock coat. There is a fish fry in Heaven. Gabriel is funny and the women who clean God's bare office are quite delicious. But the suffering of God is clear, the bewilderment of Cain, the courage of Moses, and the magnificent march of the emancipated slaves out of Egypt. Over all is the benediction of the spirituals sung by Hall Johnson's voices.

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Haynes, Anna Fritz, Wesley Hill, Tutt Whitney, Charles Moore and a score of others. No one may miss this play. It is the beginning of a new era, not simply in Negro art but in the art of America.

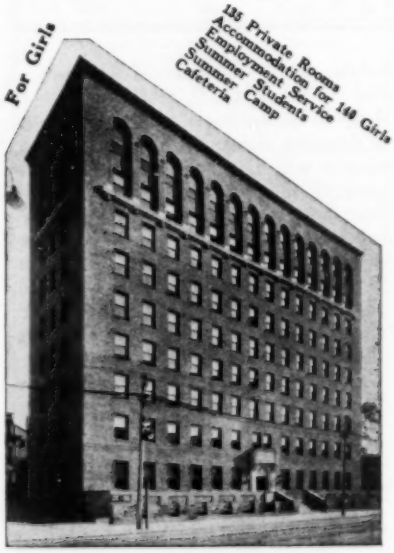
Women in Nigeria

(*Continued from page* 164)

not under the command of the District Officer. Thereupon the District Officer ordered the Commissioner of Police to take action. Three white superintendents of police, and three black Inspectors, with the Police Commissioner, ordered the women to disperse. The women pelted them with rotten fruit and vegetables. The Police were ordered to fix bayonets and charge; scores were killed and hundreds wounded.

This happened in 1925, but the news was quickly hushed up and in the end women in Calabar were compelled to pay poll tax. If the people of Great Britain had known the circumstances of this riot, the Opobo barbarity might have been prevented.

In Opobo, as we noted in the March CRISIS, there was a similar attempt to lay a head tax on women and a similar protest on account of the communeal character of the markets and because the women did not have a right to suffrage. There are charges and counter-charges as to what occurred. The English say that it was some of the chiefs who illegally tried to lay a tax and keep the proceeds. At any rate there was misunderstanding and in the end, 10,000 natives destroyed $50,000 worth of property, raided the government offices and prisons, and drove out nearly all the whites. Troops were brought in with machine guns and killed twenty-nine women and one man, and wounded eight women.



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Round Table Talks—Twentieth Year Program

In November, 1910, the CRISIS began. With these issues we start the 20th year which we hope to finish with a larger circulation and a bigger and better magazine. This will be possible only through the co-operation of writers, advertisers, agents, subscribers and buyers of single copies.

ALLOW me to thank you for printing the facts about Rabindranath Tagore's treatment on the Pacific Coast. I had an intimation of this from something I saw, but it was very unsatisfactory and incomplete. The facts, I think, ought to be more generally known. If they had treated a coal heaver this way no harm would have been done, for a coal heaver is accustomed to that kind of treatment; but to treat as wonderful a soul as Tagore was treated in San Francisco shows a lack of manners, for which our entire government should be ashamed . . .

Dr. Tagore's message is a wonderful one and I hope that you will find occasion to insert it, as well as that of Mahatma Gandhi, in frequent numbers of THE CRISIS.

Bolton Smith, Memphis, Tenn.

I have not the time to write you as I would write on several matters which my now belated reading of the July CRISIS impress upon me; but I now express to you my thought that your "Government by Graft" is one of the most effective brief statements of the case which I have read.

I always find your opening summary unique in its power as well as grasp of situations. It makes me mourn again and again, as I said to you in my house here ten years ago, that you did not use qualities so notable for constructive pulling together rather than for the disintegrating criticisms you write over and again of Hampton and Tuskegee.

The recent incident of Mr. Abbott's London hotel experiences makes it clear that the richness of the artistic endowments of the African can not be driven into the minds or hearts of the absurdly egotistic Nordics, but must be carried into the consciousness of minds opened by the practice of the extraordinary qualities of Patience and Gentleness which the greatest of the Prophets has shown to be more powerful than any Marxian types of antagonists.

The Verse page is fine, I think. And in fact, the whole July number has too much richness of material to allow one to be merely passive in regretful thought that so many minds are kept from even reading one of the most brilliant of current periodicals.

George Foster Peabody, Saratoga.

Permit me to congratulate you upon the distinctive improvement in THE CRISIS. It is the one magazine for which I "crave" each month, and immediately upon its receipt, I read it in its entirety.

G. D. Brantley, Missouri.

I want to compliment the mechanics, art work, etc., in reproducing Mrs. De Priest's picture in a recent issue of THE CRISIS. It was particularly fine—that was the general comment.

Morris Lewis, Secretary
to Congressman DePriest.

Each month I look forward to and read THE CRISIS with a great deal of pleasure. But being a mere woman there is an article in the November issue that appeals to me particularly.

I refer to "I am not Invited". I think every woman should read and profit by it and so I am going to reproduce it—of course, giving credit to THE CRISIS—on the Woman's Page of the ————————. It is a whole sermon to women in a brief article.

Allow me to thank you for "The Stroud Family" in July, and for "Clifford Blount" in August. This is the kind of stuff that I have longed to see in THE CRISIS. Cannot tell you how these articles pepped me up, and there are many others who were helped thereby, I am sure.

Sam B. Wallace, South Carolina.

Just a line to express my appreciation, as a reader of your valuable magazines, of the very great service THE CRISIS is doing for our people along all lines. Just now I am attracted by your comprehensive reply to the young man who has chosen Journalism as a profession.

Sam Williams, Massachusetts.

Please note my new address as given above and send the magazine to me at my college address. My old address is given below.

I am another white student who enjoys reading your magazine.

Donald Carmony, Indianapolis.

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